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THE  
**ECLECTIC**  
AND  
CONGREGATIONAL REVIEW.

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# THE ECLECTIC, ETC.

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## I.

### MEMOIRS OF PRINCE ALBERT.\*

WE have often characterised the times in which we live as an age of biographies ; never, we suppose, were so many published : death has no sooner set the seal upon a life than the closest and most interested relatives desire to form some literary memorial, or monument, of the departed friend and companion ; from this fashion, which involves lives of the most eminent or insignificant, it was scarcely to be supposed the memory of the great and lamented Prince Consort would be exempted, and in the rich and beautiful volume now before us, the Queen, who may be regarded as, in every substantial sense, the author, has secured for herself a larger amount of homage and sympathy than, perhaps, even she has ever yet received. She is evidently intensely anxious that the life so precious to her, and so profoundly and affectionately deplored, should be seen by all her subjects and her friends, and appreciated and honoured as she appreciated and honoured it. She has not hesitated to unfold her whole heart with an humbled dignity, which will, we are sure, command the deepest tenderness and reverence from all whose feelings or opinions could be esteemed of any worth. The volume is very artless and simple, but it has many of the very highest claims to be regarded as valuable ; it will have much of the character of an historical document ; the opinions of royal personages, such as, especially, the reminiscences of that great and loveable man, the late King of the Belgians ; and the most pleasant and homely glimpses of the social life of the Queen, now, alas ! only of shadowed memories ; while, if in any minds

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\* *The Early Years of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort.* Compiled under the direction of Her Majesty the Queen, by Lieutenant-General the Hon. C. Grey. Smith, Elder, and Co.

there had been a doubt whether the intensity of widowed grief had not exaggerated the noble proportions of her princely husband, this volume will, we think, quite disprove the impression; from irresistible evidence he really seems to have been, in every sense of the word, a great man; commanding, not merely from the height to which he was raised, but from the yet more solid possessions of self-respect which never became arrogance, facility which never exempted itself from duty, work, and industry, coolness and tact culminating in admirable prudence, and such a measure of sympathy with the works and purposes of genius, that it is only his own extraordinary variety of attainment which forbids the concession that he must have been a man of genius himself; if not this, it was probably only his high rank which prevented such a distinction, while assuredly his high and most exquisite taste and fellowship with the most distinguished men of genius gives to him a claim for more than mere talent, however highly cultivated and adorned. It has been said that his good nature and prompt sympathy forbade him to ignore any question that interested his fellow-men, and we find, in the introduction to this volume, applied to him those true words from Robertson's sermons, "To put the cup of this world's gladness to his lips, and yet not to be intoxicated, to gaze steadily on all its grandeur, and yet to be undazzled, plain and simple in personal desires, to feel its brightness, and yet defy its thrall, this is the difficult and rare, and glorious life of God in the soul of man." This volume is intended as an introduction to other volumes, the preparation of which has been consigned, by the Queen, to the accomplished hands of Mr. Theodore Martin; as its title implies, it is occupied by the account of the earliest years, closing with the birth of the Princess Royal in 1840.

Prince Albert was born at the Rosenau, a summer residence of the Duke, his father, about four miles from Coburg, the 26th of August, 1819. The Queen was born in the May of the same year. It is a curious coincidence, considering the future connection of the children, that Madame Siebold, the *accoucheuse*, who attended on the Duchess of Coburg at the birth of the young prince, had only three months before attended the Duchess of Kent, at the birth of the princess. The following letter of the Dowager Duchess of Coburg to her daughter, the Duchess of Kent, records the birth of the Prince in a very human, pleasant, and homely manner:—

*Rosenau, August 27, 1819.*

The date will of itself make you suspect that I am sitting by Louis-



chen's bed. She was yesterday morning safely and quickly delivered of a little boy. Siebold, the accoucheuse, had only been called at three, and at six the little one gave his first cry in this world, and looked about like a little squirrel with a pair of large black eyes. At a quarter to 7 I heard the tramp of a horse. It was a groom, who brought the joyful news. I was off directly, as you may imagine, and found the little mother slightly exhausted, but gaie et dispos. She sends you and Edward (the Duke of Kent) a thousand kind messages.

Louise is much more comfortable here than if she had been laid up in town. The quiet of this house, only interrupted by the murmuring of the water, is so agreeable. But I had many battles to fight to assist her in effecting her wish. Dr. Muller found it inconvenient. The Hof-Marshal thought it impossible—particularly if the christening was to be here also. No one considered the noise of the palace at Coburg, the shouts of the children, and the rolling of the carriages in the streets.

The little boy is to be christened to-morrow, and to have the name of Albert. The Emperor of Austria, the old Duke Albert of Saxe-Teschen, the Duke of Gotha, Mensdorff, and I are to be sponsors. Our boys will have the same names as the sons of the Elector Frederic the Mild, who were stolen by Kunz of Kauffungen—namely Ernest and Albert. Ernest minor (he was then just 14 months old) runs about like a weasel. He is teething, and as cross as a little badger from impatience and liveliness. He is not pretty now, except his beautiful black eyes.

How pretty the *May Flower* will be when I see it in a year's time. Siebold cannot sufficiently describe what a dear little love it is. Une bonne fois, adieu ! Kiss your husband and children.

AUGUSTA.

The *May Flower* spoken of in this letter was the Princess, now Queen Victoria. The same Dowager Duchess whose letter we have just read had written to her daughter on the birth of the Princess :—

June, 1819.

I cannot express how happy I am to know you, dearest, dearest Vickel, safe in your bed with a little one, and that all went off so happily. May God's best blessings rest on the little stranger and the beloved mother.

Again a Charlotte—destined, perhaps, to play a great part one day, if a brother is not born to take it out of her hands.

The English like Queens, and the niece of the ever-lamented, beloved Charlotte will be most dear to them.

I need not tell you how delighted everybody is here in hearing of your safe confinement. You know that you are much beloved in this your little home.

Thus the two infants seemed, through their closest relatives,

and the nearness of their ages, to touch each other almost from the period of their birth. The Prince's education was well cared for; his earliest years were passed in the house of his birth, the Rosenau; which we take, without having seen it, to be one of those fascinating German castles, standing on a knoll rising abruptly as the last offshoot from a range of wooded hills, out of the lovely valley of the Itz. There the passion for natural scenery, which always, in after life, characterised the Prince, was fostered, amidst its thick groves of spruce firs and abele poplars, amidst its picturesque valleys, in sight of the hills of the Thuringerwald, and the lovely little villages strewn over the scene; the round tower of his castle overhanging the city of Coburg; a beautiful spot, and the Queen herself stops in the biography to remark upon the peaceful beauty of the scene, lovely in the daytime, but still more striking by moonlight. Here, and at Reinhardsbrunn, about eight miles from Gotha—a pleasant region of magnificent lime trees, and pine woods, wild hills and valleys, and romantic glens, all seeming to give motive to excitement and enterprise—the Prince, and his most heartily and tenderly loved elder brother, Ernest, passed a most happy childhood and youth, in long pedestrian excursions, exploring the innermost recesses of the enchanting valleys; thus healthfully alternating the earnestness of their studies, and those tasks by which they were to attain to fitness for their high stations, by pursuits in which the mind was kept free and pure, amidst the freedom and purity of nature, or furnished from observation with a knowledge of some of the interesting forms of natural history, or relieved by the excitement of the sportsman's gun. From a very early period hints had been expressed of the probability of a marriage between the young Prince and the *May Flower* of England. In 1837 the two brothers visited England, in the course of what seems to have been a more extended tour through some of the adjacent parts of Europe; from hence, they entered in 1837 upon their residence at Bonn as academical students, and here they felt the stimulus and intellectual power exerted over their minds by such professors as Fichte, Perthès, Holweg, and Schlegel. It was while residing here, and not very long after his visit to England, that the *May Flower* became Queen of England by the death of William IV. The Prince wrote instantly the following beautiful and graceful little note, which must, we think, be regarded as a perfect little gem, mingling in the congratulations, the natural glow and affection of the cousin with the gently shadowed respect for the young girl who

had suddenly stepped into the highest and most imposing seat of sovereignty in the world :—

*Bonn, 26th June, 1837.*

MY DEAREST COUSIN,—I must write you a few lines to present you my sincerest felicitations on that great change which has taken place in your life.

Now you are Queen of the mightiest land of Europe, in your hand lies the happiness of millions. May Heaven assist you and strengthen you with its strength in that high but difficult task.

I hope that your reign may be long, happy, and glorious, and that your efforts may be rewarded by the thankfulness and love of your subjects.

May I pray you to think likewise sometimes of your cousins in Bonn, and to continue to them that kindness you favoured them with till now. Be assured that our minds are always with you.

I will not be indiscreet and abuse your time. Believe me always, your Majesty's most obedient and faithful servant,

ALBERT.

Whether any presentiments of the share he was to have in making the reign glorious crossed his mind does not transpire ; but the possibility of the marriage very soon began to be talked about. Meantime the brothers were, by the advice of their uncle Leopold, of Belgium, breaking their studies at Bonn by tours of the Rhine, and Switzerland, into the glories of which last region they seemed to have penetrated with great diligence, at a time when the highways were not so thronged with visitors as they are now ; and the biographer remarks :—

While these lines are being written, Prince Arthur is following nearly the exact route taken by his father, twenty-seven years before ; and it is interesting to think of him visiting the same scenes, sleeping at the same resting-places, and eagerly searching the visitors' books for some record of that earlier tour.

But except the unchangeable features of the scenery, little remains the same as it was in those days. The facilities of modern travel, and the consequent overwhelming flood of annual tourists, have caused hotels and villages to spring up where there was formerly little better than a hut to repose in ; and only in one place did Prince Arthur find an inn the same as it had been in his father's time. Only at one place, too, did he find the inn books preserved so far back as 1837, and his father's name recorded amongst the visitors.

From Switzerland, to Italy, Milan, Venice, and the Italian lakes, and home by the Tyrol, Innspruck, and Munich. It looks as if some quiet understanding had been permitted to rest in a



pair of hearts, that from most of the places he visited, the Prince gathered some little token for the Queen, views of all the places he visited, forming all into a little book; a dried "Rose des Alpes," from the top of the Rigi; a scrap of Voltaire's handwriting, from the old satirist's house at Ferney, and so on; this was to become a very precious memorial, and the Queen herself remarks upon it:—

The whole of these were placed in a small album, with the dates at which each place was visited, in the Prince's handwriting; and this album the Queen now considers one of her greatest treasures, and never goes anywhere without it. Nothing had at this time passed between the Queen and the Prince; but this gift shows that the latter, in the midst of his travels, often thought of his young cousin.

Shortly after, the marriage seems to have been really talked about; but some difficulties arose, apparently, in the way of the betrothal, upon which our griefful Queen looks back with a very tender, but, may we be permitted to say, as needless as it is a beautiful, compunction. She seems to have desired an engagement, but with the understanding that the marriage might not take place for some three or four years, and we take it to be a fine instance of the self-respect with which the young Prince regarded his position, that to this he would by no means consent as during that time the Queen might alter her mind; and his position and prospects, even his name before Europe, might be, in some measure, injured. The Queen, in a most tender manner, in the volume before us, does not hesitate to lay bare her whole heart, and even uses the word "indignation" of herself, as she looks back upon her proposition; in fact, it was very graceful and beautifully human on both sides. We know, or think we know, that the chief object in a woman's heart is satisfied when she is assured of love; man, as naturally, regards his object as ungained and unfulfilled until marriage.

"She thought herself," the Queen says in a memorandum on this subject written in '64, "still too young, and also wished the Prince to be older when he made his first appearance in England. In after years she often regretted this decision on her part, and constantly deplored the consequent delay of her marriage. Had she been engaged to the Prince a year sooner than she was, and had she married him at least six months earlier, she would have escaped many trials and troubles of different kinds."

And further on we find the King of the Belgians, who evidently had set his fine fatherly heart upon the match, and felt a

tender regard for the Queen, far above all mere state considerations, evidently interposing between the young people, saying :—

“ Albert is now passed eighteen. If he waits till he is in his twenty-first, twenty-second, or twenty-third year, it will be impossible for him to begin any new career, and his whole life would be *marred* if the Queen should change her mind.”

The Queen says, she never entertained any idea of this, and she afterwards repeatedly informed the Prince that she would never have married any one else. She expresses, however, great regret that she had not, after her accession, kept up her correspondence with her cousin, as she had done before it.

“ Nor can the Queen now,” she adds, “ think without indignation against herself, of her wish to keep the Prince waiting for probably three or four years, at the risk of ruining all his prospects for life, until she might feel inclined to marry ! And the Prince has since told her that he came over in 1839 with the intention of telling her, that if she could not then make up her mind, she must understand that he could not now wait for a decision, as he had done at a former period when this marriage was first talked about.

“ The only excuse the Queen can make for herself is in the fact, that the sudden change from the secluded life at Kensington to the independence of her position as Queen Regnant, at the age of eighteen, put all ideas of marriage out of her mind, which she now most bitterly repents.

“ A worse school for a young girl, or one more detrimental to all natural feelings and affections, cannot well be imagined, than the position of a Queen at eighteen, without experience and without a husband to guide and support her. This the Queen can state from painful experience, and she thanks God that none of her dear daughters are exposed to such danger.”

All this is very beautiful,—it looks real, and the loveliness of the whole transaction is in the fact, that it was an affair of courtship in which the persons interested were the chief actors, and mere statesmen do not appear at all in the affair until all the human relations had been settled by the cousins themselves ; but the words in which the Queen herself comments upon the matter, and condescends, even before her subjects, to apologise for her own views and wishes, only show the deep passion and tenderness of her own nature, and ought to fold her more reverently and lovingly in the deepest affections of all her people. In 1839 the betrothal took place. The brothers came together to England, armed with a letter, which was to easily and happily smooth away all difficulties, from the good King of the Belgians, who no doubt felt that he was living again through many of those old feelings and arrangements, in which he had been the chief subject,



in a similar experience of the minglings of love and pride with his never-forgotten and beloved Princess Charlotte. Here is his kindly note to the Queen :—

*Lacken, Oct. 8, 1839.*

MY DEAREST VICTORIA,—Your cousins will be themselves the bearers of these lines. I recommend them to your “bienveillance.” They are good and honest creatures deserving your kindness, and not pedantic, but really sensible and trustworthy. I have told them that your great wish is that they should be quite “unbefangen” (quite at their ease) with you.

I am sure that if you have anything to recommend to them they will be most happy to learn from you. . . .

My dear Victoria,

Your most devoted Uncle,

LEOPOLD R.

They arrived on Thursday the tenth of October, 1839, at Windsor. The Queen herself gave them a cordial and affectionate reception, coming to the top of the staircase to meet them, and at once herself conducted them to the Duchess of Kent. She had made up her mind; Lord Melbourne, the minister, had said to her in a paternal tone, alluding to the probability of the marriage, “I am very glad of it, you will be much more comfortable, for a woman cannot stand alone for any time, in what ever position she may be.” Upon this she sadly remarks, “Alas, alas, the poor Queen now stands in that painful position.” It is so seldom that we have the opportunity of entrance into those rooms, amidst whose splendours royal courtships proceed, that we are quite sure our readers will be well pleased to have the opportunity of knowing something, and from such unquestioned authority, of the history of these so much honoured and loved persons :—

On the 15th, the Prince had been out hunting early with his brother, but returned at twelve, and half an hour afterwards obeyed the Queen’s summons to her room, where he found her alone. After a few minutes conversation on other subjects, the Queen told him why she had sent for him; and we can well understand any little hesitation and delicacy she may have felt in doing so; for the Queen’s position making it imperative that any proposal of marriage should come first from her, must necessarily appear a painful one to those who, deriving their ideas on this subject from the practice of private life, are wont to look upon it as the privilege and happiness of a woman to have her hand sought in marriage, instead of having to offer it herself.

How the Prince received the offer will appear best from the following few lines which he wrote the next day to the old friend of his family, Baron Stockmar, who was naturally one of the first to be

informed of his engagement :—"I write to you," he says, "on one of the happiest days of my life, to give you the most welcome news possible," and having then described what took place, he proceeds, "Victoria is so good and kind to me that I am often at a loss to believe that such affection (*Herzlichkeit*) should be shown to me. I know the great interest you take in my happiness, and therefore pour out my heart to you;" and he ends by saying, "More, or more seriously, I cannot write to you, for that, at this moment, I am too bewildered.

"Das Auge sieht den Himmel offen,  
Es schwimmt das Herz in Seligkeit."

The Queen herself says that the Prince received her offer without any hesitation, and with the warmest demonstration of kindness and affection; and, after a natural expression of her feeling of happiness, her Majesty adds, in the fervour and sincerity of her heart, with the straightforward simplicity that marks all the entries in her journal :

"How I will strive to make him feel as little as possible the great sacrifice he has made ! I told him it *was* a great sacrifice on his part, but he would not allow it. . . I then told him to fetch Ernest, which he did, who congratulated us both, and seemed very happy. . . . He told me how perfect his brother was."

The Queen wrote the next morning to the King of the Belgians :—

*Windsor Castle, October 15th, 1839.*

MY DEAREST UNCLE,—This letter will, I am sure, give you pleasure, for you have always shown and taken so warm an interest in all that concerns me. My mind is quite made up, and I told Albert this morning of it. The warm affection he showed me on learning this gave me great pleasure. He seems perfection, and I think that I have the prospect of very great happiness before me. I love him MORE than I can say, and shall do everything in my power to render this sacrifice (for such in my opinion it is) as small as I can. He seems to have great tact, a very necessary thing in his position. These last few days have passed like a dream to me, and I am so much bewildered by it all that I know hardly how to write; but I do feel very happy. It is absolutely necessary that this determination of mine should be known to no one but yourself and to Uncle Ernest until after the meeting of Parliament, as it would be considered, otherwise, neglectful on my part not to have assembled Parliament at once to inform them of it.

Lord Melbourne, whom I have of course consulted about the whole affair, quite approves my choice, and expresses great satisfaction at this event, which he thinks in every way highly desirable.

Lord Melbourne has acted in this business, as he has always done towards me, with the greatest kindness and affection. We also think it better, and Albert quite approves of it, that we should be married very soon after Parliament meets, about the beginning of February.

Pray, dearest Uncle, forward these two letters to Uncle Ernest, to whom I beg you will enjoin strict secrecy, and explain these details, which I have not time to do, and to faithful Stockmar. I think you might tell Louise of it, but none of her family.

I wish to keep the dear young gentleman here till the end of next month. Ernest's sincere pleasure gives me great delight. He does so adore dearest Albert.

Ever, dearest Uncle,  
Your devoted Niece,  
V. R.

The Prince wrote to his grandmother, whom he most tenderly loved, and who had watched over him from his infancy, with the deepest tenderness, interest, and care :—

DEAR GRANDMAMA,—I tremble as I take up my pen, for I cannot but fear that what I am about to tell you will at the same time raise a thought which cannot be otherwise than painful to you, and oh! which is very much so to me also, namely, that of parting. The subject which has occupied us so much of late is at last settled.

The Queen sent for me alone to her room a few days ago, and declared to me in a genuine outburst of love and affection (*Ergüsse von Herzlichkeit und Liebe*), that I had gained her whole heart, and would make her intensely happy (*überglücklich*) if I would make her the sacrifice of sharing her life with her, for she said she looked on it as a sacrifice; the only thing which troubled her was that she did not think she was worthy of me. The joyous openness of manner in which she told me this quite enchanted me, and I was quite carried away by it. She is really most good and amiable, and I am quite sure heaven has not given me into evil hands, and that we shall be happy together.

Since that moment Victoria does whatever she fancies I should wish or like, and we talk together a great deal about our future life, which she promises me to make as happy as possible. Oh, the future! does it not bring with it the moment when I shall have to take leave of my dear, dear home, and of you.

I cannot think of that without deep melancholy taking possession of me.

It was on the 15th October that Victoria made me this declaration, and I have hitherto shrunk from telling you; but how does delay make it better?

The period of our marriage is already close at hand. The Queen and the Ministers wish exceedingly that it should take place in the first days of February, in which I acquiesced after hearing their reasons for it.

We have therefore fixed our departure for the 14th inst., so as to have still as much time as possible at home. We shall therefore follow close upon this letter.

My position here will be very pleasant, inasmuch as I have refused all the offered titles. I keep my own name, and remain what I was.



This will make me very independent, and makes it easy for me to run over occasionally (*einen Sprung nach der Heimath zu machen*) to see all my dear relations.

But it is very painful to know that there will be the sea between us.

I now take leave of you again. Victoria is writing to you herself to tell you all she wishes.

I ask you to give me your grandmotherly blessing in this important and decisive step in my life; it will be a talisman to me against all the storms the future may have in store for me.

Good-bye, dear Grandmama, and do not take your love from me.

Heaven will make all things right.

Always and ever

Your devoted grandson,

ALBERT.

With this the more beautiful romance and homeliness of courtship seems comparatively to close. It now became a state affair. Arrangements had to be made; the Privy Council to be informed, and the Parliament to talk of settlements. The Prince was not known as we know him now; all the beautiful tints, and lovely human lights, were reflected over a very small circle. Something of the same kind, we suppose, goes on in most families in such circumstances; the young people are very ardent, on either side they see nothing but the self-renunciation, and the giving up, that there is on the other,—even as the Queen talks of the great sacrifice the Prince has made in giving himself to her, and the young Prince feels how marvellous that the most brilliant sovereign of the world's mightiest empire should stoop to him, the younger son of a small German principality. But papas never look upon matters in that light, and they talk sternly of settlements, and legal matters, and contrive to coil the most pleasant and passionate affairs of the heart round with things infinitely disagreeable. While the Prince was away from his young bride, in the winter of 1839, saying farewell to grandmother, and all the loved and delightful scenes of Gotha and Coburg, the Rosenau, and Reinhardsbrunn, the Parliament was settling his matter of personal income, which had been proposed by the ministers, without the faintest thought of opposition, at fifty thousand a year. Sir Robert Peel, in the opposition, however, defeated this, and reduced it to thirty; economical Mr. Hume thought indeed it ought to be a great deal less; and the news, when it reached the Prince on his way to his future home, at Aix-la-Chapelle, naturally enough, produced upon his mind a disagreeable impression that the country must be opposed to the marriage. On the other hand, the Queen, or her ministers, in

the speech in opening the Parliament, had neglected to assure the country that her future husband was a Protestant. We ourselves suppose, with the Duke of Wellington, who, however, yielded to no popular clamour on the matter, that the omission was certainly imprudent. Prince Albert was not only a Protestant, but rather a stringent Protestant; not merely by the hereditary influence of his family, which had thrown its shield over Luther, and by his confirmation as a Protestant after his public examination by Dr. Jacobi, but by his own convictions. We believe that the fact was taken for granted as being too well known to need to be announced. Lord Melbourne said, in reply to the Duke of Wellington, "The noble Duke knows he is a Protestant; all England knows he is a Protestant; the whole world knows that he is a Protestant." Lord Brougham dealt with the matter in his own strong, grim way: referring to the opinion expressed by Lord Melbourne, that the law prohibited a marriage of the Sovereign with a Catholic, after expressing his astonishment that the House should have been occupied with so superfluous a matter for half an hour, he said, "I may remark that my noble friend, Lord Melbourne, was mistaken as to the law, there is no prohibition as to marriage with a Catholic, it is only attended with a penalty, and that penalty is *merely the forfeiture of the crown.*" The wise King of the Belgians, in a letter to the Queen, regretted the omission of the word Protestant, saying in his calm way, "It could do no harm, and is even perfectly true, and its omission will give rise to a long interminable growling. On religious matters one cannot be too prudent, because one never can foresee what use passionate people will make of such a thing." Another vexed question arose, as to the place the Prince should occupy in the nation, and as we read the discussion with reference to his title, to the precedence of his rank, and the reference made to the precedents in previous reigns, which only yielded apparently the analogy of the stupid and insignificant husband of Queen Anne, Prince George of Denmark, of whom the reader recollects the anecdote, when the question of precedence was raised in his own day, he said, "Whatever you do, gentlemen, for God's sake don't forget that I am Prince George of Denmark." As we note the rejection of all the Queen's wishes with reference to one whom she loved and honoured so much, we can a little enter into her feelings when she speaks of the sacrifices he made; but for the great love with which she was prepared to meet him, it might seem as if the position of a quiet gentleman, far from the noises of political partisanship, in some sweet quiet European retreat, would have been preferable to the being a target for those animosi-



ties, in which members of the old royal family, like the Duke of Sussex and others, feared "lest the family should be forgotten," or haughty peers and great commoners, who trembled lest the constitution should be torn up from its pedestal if the Queen's husband walked by her side, sat with her in a state-coach, or occupied a seat next to her throne; all these are irritations it is not for us, in our circles, to know or feel, but the life of them is felt perhaps everywhere, and they were irritations which, not only at the time, but for some time afterwards, were felt. The Queen quietly took the matter ultimately into her own hands, and the Duke of Wellington expressed, we believe, the sense of the nation, when he said to the Queen, "I told you it would be all right, let the Queen put the Prince where she likes and settle it herself, that's the best way." But dissensions such as these, however, while on his way through the continent, they might have disturbed his peace, must have all dissolved pretty much in air so soon as he set his foot on English ground; he had said farewell to his country, scenery, and friends, at a little inn, called the "Last Shilling," to which many had accompanied him; processions and farewell greetings of goodwill met him, and attended him on his route, till after a rough sea-voyage, he arrived at Dover. In the midst of pouring rain, the next day the whole town turned out to hail him; resting at Canterbury, the city was illuminated to honour his arrival, and thence he sent on to the Queen his favourite greyhound, Eos, as his herald, and the Queen speaks in her journal of the pleasure which the sight of "dear Eos," the evening before the arrival of the Prince, gave her; in London he met with the same enthusiastic reception along the whole line of route to Buckingham Palace, until in the afternoon he was received at the hall-door of his future home by the Queen, attended by the Duchess of Kent and the whole household. For the particulars of the august, and but for its sad and premature separation, most auspicious marriage—a marriage of love and nature—we must refer to the volume itself. But here, perhaps, we may pause amidst these lighter details to say how little it could be foreseen, and perhaps how little it is at present known, how truly great and noble a man this was, who at the early age of twenty-one came to take possession of the royal lady's young affections, and to be so important an element in elevating the tone of universal culture throughout the land of his adoption. Some, perhaps, have heard rather impatiently of the uncovering of so many monumental statues in different parts of the country to his memory, and have deprecated, not altogether untenderly, the protracted and immitigable grief, with which his loyal widow sorrows for his loss; it has seemed to many even the

insanity of sorrow; but a consideration of who that widow is, some thoughtful study of the universality of the Prince's acquirements and sympathies, as revealed in the collected volume of his speeches and in this volume before us, will go far towards converting thoughtful millions to sympathy with that grief, and revive and renew the sense of the mystery of that Providence which removed at such an hour, such a man, from the side of the Queen, and from the active brain and heart of the nation. We know not where we could find another instance of a man who represented in so admirable and illustrious a manner all the interests of this age of culture, in which we live; no doubt his position was eminently illustrious, a throne, or the immediate neighbourhood to a throne, sets off and gives effulgence and brilliancy to eminent attainment, and noble character; but such a sphere has its immeasurable difficulties too, and incitements to a life of mere pleasure, ease, carelessness, and forgetfulness of the world's great woes and wants. It is, perhaps, not a difficult thing to obtain the patronage and presence even of a Prince at public meetings, and great benevolent dinners, and such like occasions, but to find that from the chair, or in the meeting, he is not only able to speak, which is not always the case with chairmen, and seems usually an ability in the inverse proportion to their eminence, but that he is able to speak well, and in perfect knowledge of the whole matter upon which he speaks, with conciseness and eloquence, and force, as one thoroughly alive, and himself at work in the interests of the object—this is rare in a great man, in a prince it may be almost called a marvel. When he came to this country as the husband of the Queen, he came a young man fresh from college and study, but nothing is more remarkable than the growth his mind evidences; always a student and a not ungraceful poet, an artist, a passionate devotee to music; these first natural instincts ripened into fruits of splendid development until the close. It was, perhaps, not very extraordinary that in 1859 he should have been invited to the Presidency of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, although the Association has, we believe, in no instance, invited a mere great man to its chair, apart from his claims as an eminent student in scientific pursuits; but the very lengthy and magnificent oration he pronounced at Aberdeen, that year, shows in every sentence the really ardent mind alive to all the noble enterprises of scientific thought; its expressions teem with illustrations of that authority and dignity which no man utters, merely because he stands in a great place; they evidence an innermost knowledge of what science is after, what are its laws, and its limitations; and, while at first we listen to him as expressing very naturally, a sense of modest surprise, that “a simple admirer and would-be student of

"science" should take the place of the chief and spokesman of the "scientific men of the day, assembled in furtherance of their important objects, startled, on the first announcement of the invitation to me, of the consciousness of my own insignificance in this respect; the thing appeared to me impossible." But we soon find that whatever the Association may have expected, we have no mere ornamental chairman, but one alive to the majesty of science in all its departments. We cannot resist the opportunity of quoting one or two passages which show, not merely the facility or eloquence of expression, but that tone in which, we believe, a man can only speak when he has educated or cultured himself. Thus he speaks of

THE NATURE OF SCIENCE.\*

To define the nature of Science, to give an exact and complete definition of what that Science, to whose service the Association is devoted, is and means, has, as it naturally must, at all times occupied the Metaphysician. He has answered the question in various ways, more or less satisfactorily to himself or others. To me, Science, in its most general and comprehensive acceptation, means the knowledge of what I know, the consciousness of human knowledge. Hence, to know is the object of all Science; and all special knowledge, if brought to our consciousness in its separate distinctiveness from, and yet in its recognized relation to the totality of our knowledge, is scientific knowledge. We require, then, for Science—that is to say, for the acquisition of scientific knowledge—those two activities of our mind which are necessary for the acquisition of *any* knowledge—analysis and synthesis; the first, to dissect and reduce into its component parts the object to be investigated, and to render an accurate account to ourselves of the nature and qualities of these parts by observation; the second to recompose the observed and understood parts into a unity in our consciousness, exactly answering to the object of our investigation. The labours of the man of Science are therefore at once the most humble and the loftiest which man can undertake. He only does what every little child does from its first awakening into life, and must do every moment of its existence; and yet he aims at the gradual approximation to divine truth itself. If, then, there exists no difference between the work of the man of Science and that of the merest child, what constitutes the distinction? Merely the conscious self-determination. The child observes what accident brings before it, and unconsciously forms its notion of it; the so-called practical man observes what his special work forces upon him, and he forms his notions upon it with reference to this particular work. The man of Science observes what he intends to observe, and knows why he intends it. The value which the peculiar object has in his eyes is not determined by accident, nor by any external cause, such as the mere connexion with work to be performed, but by the place which he knows this object to hold in the general universe

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\* *Albert's Speeches.*



of knowledge, by the relation which it bears to other parts of that general knowledge.

To *arrange* and *classify* that universe of knowledge becomes therefore the first, and perhaps the most important, object and duty of Science. It is only when brought into a system, by separating the incongruous and combining those elements in which we have been enabled to discover the internal connexion which the Almighty has implanted in them, that we can hope to grapple with the boundlessness of His creation, and with the laws which govern both mind and matter.

The operation of Science then has been, systematically to divide human knowledge, and raise, as it were, the separate groups of subjects for scientific consideration, into different and distinct sciences. The tendency to create new sciences is peculiarly apparent in our present age, and is perhaps inseparable from so rapid a progress as we have seen in our days; for the acquaintance with and mastering of distinct branches of knowledge enables the eye, from the newly gained points of sight, to see the new ramifications into which they divide themselves in strict consecutiveness and with logical necessity. But in thus gaining new centres of light, from which to direct our researches, and new and powerful means of adding to its ever-increasing treasures, Science approaches no nearer to the limits of its range, although travelling further and further from its original point of departure. For God's world is infinite; and the boundlessness of the universe, whose confines appear ever to retreat before our finite minds, strikes us no less with awe when, prying into the starry crowd of heaven, we find new worlds revealed to us by every increase in the power of the telescope, than when the microscope discloses to us in a drop of water, or an atom of dust, new worlds of life and animation, or the remains of such as have passed away.

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If, then, the main object of Science—and I beg to be understood, henceforth, as speaking only of that section which the Association has under its special care, viz. Inductive Science—if, I say, the object of Science is the discovery of the laws which govern natural phenomena, the primary condition for its success is: accurate observation and collection of facts in such comprehensiveness and completeness as to furnish the philosopher with the necessary material from which to draw safe conclusions.

Science is not of yesterday. We stand on the shoulders of past ages, and the amount of observations made, and facts ascertained, has been transmitted to us and carefully preserved in the various storehouses of Science; other crops have been reaped, but still lie scattered on the field; many a rich harvest is ripe for cutting, but waits for the reaper. Economy of labour is the essence of good husbandry, and no less so in the field of Science.

The quotation is lengthy, the whole of the speech is well worthy of a very admiring and thoughtful perusal, but that which we notice in this speech, seems to be in a very eminent degree

the property of most or many ; glancing over the course of the Prince, especially as illustrated in the published volume of speeches, the first thing that pleases us is, the width of sympathy they evince, not merely with those great chartered institutions which seem to have the stamp of antiquity or of nationality upon them, such as the Literary Fund, the Royal Academy, the Trinity House ; but ragged schools, servants' provident and benevolent societies, agricultural associations—the point we notice in all is the immediate personal interest they evidence, and the knowledge of that subject upon which they give a deliverance. The speech on National Education illustrates this as much as that before the British Association, this was delivered on the occasion of the opening of the Conference on National Education, and like that before the British Association, is a long, eloquent, and catholic *résumé*, showing an acquaintance with the statistics of the whole question, and all its numerous besetments and difficulties, and closing with the following noble words:—

You will have to work, then, upon the minds and hearts of the parents, to place before them the irreparable mischief which they inflict upon those who are intrusted to their care by keeping them from the light of knowledge, to bring home to their conviction that it is their duty to exert themselves for their children's education, bearing in mind at the same time that it is not only their most sacred duty, but also their highest privilege. Unless they work with you, your work, our work, will be vain ; but you will not fail, I feel sure, in obtaining their co-operation if you remind them of their duty to their God and Creator. Our Heavenly Father, in His boundless goodness, has made His creatures that they should be happy, and in His wisdom has fitted His means to His ends, giving to all of them different qualities and faculties, in using and developing which they fulfil their destiny, and, running their uniform course according to His prescription, they find that happiness which He has intended for them. Man alone is born into this world with faculties far nobler than the other creatures, reflecting the image of Him who has willed that there should be beings on earth to know and worship Him, but endowed with the power of self-determination, having reason given him for his guide. He can develop his faculties, place himself in harmony with his Divine prototype, and attain that happiness which is offered to him on earth, to be completed hereafter in entire union with Him through the mercy of Christ. But he can also leave these faculties unimproved, and miss his mission on earth. He will then sink to the level of the lower animals, forfeit happiness, and separate from his God, whom he did know how to find. Gentlemen, I say man has no right to do this—he has no right to throw off the task which is laid upon him for his happiness ; it is his duty to fulfil his mission to the utmost of his power ; but it is our duty, the duty of those whom Providence has removed from this awful struggle



and placed beyond this fearful danger, manfully, unceasingly, and untiringly to aid by advice, assistance, and example the great bulk of the people, who, without such aid, must almost inevitably succumb to the difficulty of their task. They will not cast from them the aiding hand, and the Almighty will bless the labours of those who work in His cause.

When quite a youth he had been impressed, fascinated perhaps, who has not been, who is acquainted with them? by the wonderful, even the awful, calculations of M. Quetelet, the great master of the Science of Probabilities; it is fearful to attempt to walk, without becoming dizzy, and almost losing the sense of our individuality amidst the fearful spell his calculations cast round the reason and imagination, in his speech on opening the International Statistical Congress, the Prince refers to the obligations he derived from M. Quetelet by the instructions he received from him twenty-four years previous, and then eloquently repels the supposed tendencies of statistical science towards fatalism or pantheism.

It is difficult to see how, under such circumstances, and notwithstanding this self-imposed abnegation, Statistical Science, as such, should be subject to prejudice, reproach, and attack; and yet the fact cannot be denied.

We hear it said that its prosecution leads necessarily to Pantheism, and the destruction of true religion, as depriving, in man's estimation, the Almighty of His power of free self-determination, making His world a mere machine working according to a general pre-arranged scheme, the parts of which are capable of mathematical measurement, and the scheme itself of numerical expression!—that it leads to fatalism, and therefore deprives man of his dignity, of his virtue and morality, as it would prove him to be a mere wheel in this machine, incapable of exercising a free choice of action, but predestined to fulfil a given task, and to run a prescribed course, whether for good or evil.

These are grave accusations, and would be terrible indeed if they were true. But are they true? Is the power of God destroyed or diminished by the discovery of the fact that the earth requires three hundred and sixty-five revolutions upon its own axis to every revolution round the sun, giving us so many days to our year, and that the moon changes thirteen times during that period; that the tide changes every six hours; that water boils at a temperature of  $212^{\circ}$  according to Fahrenheit; that the nightingale sings only in April and May; that all birds lay eggs; that a hundred and six boys are born to every hundred girls? Or is man a less free agent because it has been ascertained that a generation lasts about thirty years; that there are annually posted at the Post-offices the same number of letters on which the writer had forgotten to place any address; that the number of crimes

committed under the same local, national, and social conditions is constant; that the full grown man ceases to find amusement in the sports of the child?

Many of the speeches are brief—necessarily very brief—in others, however, there is a length of statement and illustration which illustrates the presence and the mind of a master; we will give one other illustration on the occasion of laying the foundation-stone of the Birmingham and Midland Institute. After insisting on the inutility of human effort for the advancement of man, without a comprehensive knowledge of the laws of nature, he says:—

Without such knowledge we are condemned to one of three states: either we merely go on to do things just as our fathers did, and for no better reason than because they did them so; or, trusting to some personal authority, we adopt at random the recommendation of some specific, in a speculative hope, that it may answer; or lastly—and this is the most favourable case—we ourselves improve upon certain processes; but this can only be the result of an experience hardly earned and dearly bought, and which, after all, can only embrace a comparatively short space of time, and a small number of experiments.

From none of these causes can we hope for much progress; for the mind, however ingenious, has no materials to work with, and remains in presence of phenomena, the causes of which are hidden from it.

But these laws of nature, these Divine laws, are capable of being discovered and understood, and of being taught and made our own. *This is the task of science*; and, whilst science discovers and teaches these laws, art teaches their application. No pursuit is therefore too insignificant not to be capable of becoming the subject both of a science and an art.

The fine arts (as far as they relate to painting, sculpture, and architecture), which are sometimes confounded with art in general, rest on the application of the laws of form and colour, and what may be called the science of the beautiful. They do not rest on any arbitrary theory on the modes of producing pleasurable emotions, but follow fixed laws—more difficult perhaps to seize than those regulating the material world, because belonging partly to the sphere of the ideal, and of our spiritual essence, yet perfectly appreciable and teachable, both abstractedly and historically, from the works of different ages and nations.

No human pursuits make any material progress until science is brought to bear upon them. We have seen accordingly many of them slumber for centuries upon centuries; but from the moment that science has touched them with her magic wand, they have sprung forward, and taken strides which amaze, and almost awe, the beholder.

Look at the transformation which has gone on around us since the laws of gravitation, electricity, magnetism, and the expansive power of heat have become known to us. It has altered our whole state of exis-

tence,—one might say, the whole face of the globe. We owe this to science, and to science alone; and she has other treasures in store for us, if we will but call her to our assistance.

It is sometimes objected by the ignorant that science is uncertain and changeable, and they point with a malicious kind of pleasure to the many exploded theories which have been superseded by others, as a proof that the present knowledge may be also unsound, and, after all, not worth having. But they are not aware that, while they think to cast blame upon science, they bestow, in fact, the highest praise upon her.

For that is precisely the difference between science and prejudice: that the latter keeps stubbornly to its position, whether disproved or not, whilst the former is an unarrestable movement towards the fountain of truth, caring little for cherished authorities or sentiments, but continually progressing, feeling no false shame at her shortcomings, but, on the contrary, the highest pleasure, when freed from an error, at having advanced another step towards the attainment of Divine truth—a pleasure not even intelligible to the pride of ignorance.

We also hear, not unfrequently, science and practice, scientific knowledge and common sense, contrasted as antagonistic. A strange error! for science is eminently practical, and must be so, as she sees and knows what she is doing, whilst mere common practice is condemned to work in the dark, applying natural ingenuity to unknown powers to obtain a known result.

Far be it from me to undervalue the creative power of genius, or to treat shrewd common sense as worthless without knowledge. But nobody will tell me that the same genius would not take an incomparably higher flight, if supplied with all the means which knowledge can impart; or that common sense does not become, in fact, only truly powerful when in possession of the materials upon which judgment is to be exercised.

The study of the laws by which the Almighty governs the Universe is therefore our bounden duty. Of these laws our great academies and seats of education have, rather arbitrarily, selected only two spheres or groups (as I may call them) as essential parts of our national education: the laws which regulate quantities and proportions, which form the subject of mathematics, and the laws regulating the expression of our thoughts, through the medium of language, that is to say, grammar, which finds its purest expression in the classical languages. These laws are most important branches of knowledge, their study trains and elevates the mind, but they are not the only ones; there are others which we cannot disregard, which we cannot do without.

There are, for instance, the laws governing the human mind, and its relation to the Divine Spirit (the subject of logic and metaphysics); there are those which govern our bodily nature and its connection with the soul (the subject of physiology and psychology); those which govern human society, and the relations between man and man (the subjects of politics, jurisprudence, and political economy); and many others.



<sup>A</sup> We have referred at this great length to these illustrations because we believe it has been supposed that these speeches were published as a matter of course, and were simply the utterance of a Prince. In fact, it is clear that they were the utterances of a philosopher, of a man of large and eminently cultured mind. It would not be too much to give to him that designation which we have seen applied lately, as an epithet of contempt, to Mr. Matthew Arnold, "The Prophet of Culture." He kept his whole nature in the life—equably expansive and control—and illustrates in a singular manner those great lines in which the poet Wordsworth describes the development of the nature.

There lies  
No faculty within us which the soul  
Can spare, and humbless earthly weal demands,  
For dignity not placed beyond her reach,  
Zealous co-operation of all means  
Given or acquired, to raise us from the mire,  
And liberate our hearts from low pursuits.  
By gross Utilities enslaved we need  
More of ennobling impulse from the past,  
If to the future aught of good must come,  
Sounder and, therefore, holier than the ends  
Which, in the giddiness of self-applause,  
We covet as supreme. O grant the crown  
That Wisdom wears, or take his treacherous staff  
From Knowledge.

It is inevitable to such a nature, that the calm which wisdom gives should seem to make the presence cold. Yet the interest he took in the condition of the labouring classes on the one hand, and the power he had of winning over those by whom he was surrounded, and whom he had occasion to influence on the other, would seem to repel this idea; in fact, circumstances seem to assure us that he possessed, and was guided by the clear, strong sense of duty. No office could be more fascinating, especially to a young man, than that of Commander-in-Chief of the forces of the British Empire; but when the Duke of Wellington, shortly after the marriage of the Prince, proposed this to him, after lengthily debating the matter in his own mind, and with the Queen, he had the courage to decline the magnificent position, because it seemed certain to interfere, in the right exercise of the office, with duties which he judged more imperative, and, in doing so, said, "I feel sure, that having undertaken the responsibility, I should not be satisfied to leave the business and real work in the hands of another, but should feel it my duty to look to them myself. I am afraid therefore, that I must discard the

"tempting idea of being placed in command of the British army." These are circumstances in the life of a man which try the stuff of which he is made, and seem to warrant the author of the Introduction to the collected speeches (popular repute assigns the authorship to Mr. Arthur Helps) in saying, "that it is not too much to say, if he had been placed in the position of Washington, he could have played the part of Washington, taking what honour and power his fellow-citizens were pleased to give him, and not asking or scheming for any more." After such illustrations as we have given, we surely may believe that this is a simply just appreciation. It is pleasing, with such traces of character before us, to gather from the same writer how intensely he craved after perfection, longing, as is the especial function of culture, that everything that was to be, should be the best of its kind; bearing with him always through life, that which has been called the beauty of youthfulness, which Coleridge defines the especial functions of genius—"the being ever young," always retaining a certain child-like simplicity of character, manifesting itself, perhaps, in what is almost his fault, the caring too much about too many things. And yet, side by side, it seems two things always held him in their fascination. Music,—his admiration of Mendelssohn was enthusiastic, and when that noble genius was in England, he was received at Windsor Castle more like an illustrious guest than a professional artist; and after he, with the Queen, had heard him leading the oratorio of "Elijah," at Exeter Hall, in April, 1847, the Prince sent his own marked book with which he had followed the performance, to Mendelssohn, with an inscription in his own hand-writing, "To the Great Master, who through the whole maze of his Creation, from the soft whispering, to the mighty raging of the elements, makes us conscious of the unity of his conception; in grateful remembrance." He who could do and write this could not have been a cold nature; he was himself perfectly conversant with the science to which he paid this tribute, was himself a musician, and some of the most favourite hymns of the palace were set to music of his composition; and during his last illness, were repeatedly played to him by the hands of his daughters. While thus devoted to music on the one hand, abstract thought was charming to him on the other; he said to the Queen once, "To me a long, closely connected train of reasoning, is like a beautiful strain of music; you can hardly imagine my delight in it." Upon other minds it has produced a like influence, and indeed, what is reason? What is the science of numbers, but the music of the universe? What are the exact sciences, but the rhythm of nature? Do we not call astronomy the music of the spheres? Hence those



passages which we have cited from the speeches unfolding the higher reason of things. Hence too, that sympathy with that profoundest of all music, "the still sad music of humanity;" and hence, those magnificent ideas in which he hailed the future, and insisted on the tendency of all modern progress, to the ultimate breaking down of the barriers and disharmonies between man and man, and the restoration of unity and a pure language to the race. As he says in his speech, unfolding the purposes of the Great Exhibition of 1851, an idea purely of his own mind, which has brought forth all the fruit we have seen :—

Nobody, however, who has paid any attention to the peculiar features of our present era, will doubt for a moment that we are living at a period of most wonderful transition, which tends rapidly to accomplish that great end, to which, indeed, all history points—the *realization of the unity of mankind*. Not a unity which breaks down the limits and levels the peculiar characteristics of the different nations of the earth, but rather a unity, the *result and product* of those very national varieties and antagonistic qualities.

The distances which separated the different nations and parts of the globe are rapidly vanishing before the achievements of modern invention, and we can traverse them with incredible ease; the languages of all nations are known, and their acquirement placed within the reach of everybody; thought is communicated with the rapidity, and even by the power, of lightning. On the other hand, the *great principle of division of labour*, which may be called the moving power of civilization, is being extended to all branches of science, industry, and art.

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So man is approaching a more complete fulfilment of that great and sacred mission which he has to perform in this world. His reason being created after the image of God, he has to use it to discover the laws by which the Almighty governs His creation, and, by making these laws his standard of action, to conquer nature to his use; himself a divine instrument.

Science discovers these laws of power, motion, and transformation; industry applies them to the raw matter, which the earth yields us in abundance, but which becomes valuable only by knowledge. Art teaches us the immutable laws of beauty and symmetry, and gives to our productions forms in accordance to them.

Gentlemen—the Exhibition of 1851 is to give us a true test and a living picture of the point of development at which the whole of mankind has arrived in this great task, and a new starting-point from which all nations will be able to direct their further exertions.

I confidently hope that the first impression which the view of this vast collection will produce upon the spectator will be that of deep thankfulness to the Almighty for the blessings which He has bestowed upon us already here below; and the second, the conviction that they

can only be realized in proportion to the help which we are prepared to render each other ; therefore, only by peace, love, and ready assistance, not only between individuals, but between the nations of the earth.

When we notice all these things ; when we compare this illustrious man with the chiefs of preceding royal families, it seems impossible not to regard him as one of the very foremost leaders of the culture of our times, mingling, as he did, with all classes ; interested in all public works, and taking no part in any great public occasion without leaving behind him some word the tendency of which was—to inspire. With affecting fondness the Queen loiters in memory through the last chapter of the volume, over the first twelve months of her marriage ; and it is impossible to read without feeling admiration for the calm wisdom, which, although so young, the Prince very early brought to her councils. She confesses at that time she had indulged strong feelings of political partisanship ; he softened this, and remembering that Sir Robert Peel had been the chief speaker in reducing the vote of the House, from fifty to thirty thousand, and that the Duke of Wellington had been the principal opponent to the Queen's wish with reference to his rank and precedence, it assuredly speaks much for the kindness and wisdom of his nature, that this led to no harsh feelings on his own part ; and as he constantly evinced, did not interfere with his one steady thought of duty to the Queen, to make himself master of all questions in which she could possibly be interested, to lighten all her labours, by clearing the ground of difficulties interfering with an instant and comprehensive view. Soon he rose to receive, in a large degree, the confidence of the country, as far as that incongruous animal called a country can be supposed able or willing to give its confidence, either to what is worthy, or especially to great merits hidden very much from public gaze. Two parties he seems never to have been able to conciliate, the vulgar high, and the vulgar low ; those who, as it has been truly said, regarded the corruption of their princes as an immemorial perquisite found they had no part in him, and complained of his haughtiness, and reserve, and illiberality. We should have heard nothing of these had he possessed a power to condescend to those vices which had loitered so often in the neighbourhood of—even where they had not filled—the throne. The hostility of the vulgar low was not so understandable ; but rumour will blacken the highest and holiest reputations, and the multitudes are not always equal to inquiry,—and the peculiar claims of a man like Prince Albert, upon a nation's regard, are usually the last to be appreciated or under-

stood. The future volumes of this work will be expected with deep interest ; the glimpses of home, social life, and domestic intercourse ; of studies pursued by the royal pair together ; their life in London :—

He there, from the first, laid down strict, not to say severe rules, for his own guidance. He imposed a degree of restraint and self-denial upon his own movements, which could not but have been irksome, had he not been sustained by a sense of the advantage which the throne would derive from it. He denied himself the pleasure—which to one so fond as he was of personally watching and inspecting every improvement that was in progress, would have been very great—of walking at will about the town. Wherever he went, whether in a carriage or on horseback, he was accompanied by his equerry. He paid no visits in general society. His visits were to the studio of the artist, to museums of art or science, to institutions for good and benevolent purposes. Wherever a visit from him, or his presence, could tend to advance the real good of the people, there his horses might be seen waiting ; never at the door of mere fashion. Scandal itself could take no liberty with his name. He loved to ride through all the districts of London where building and improvements were in progress, more especially when they were such as would conduce to the health or recreation of the working classes ; and few, if any, knew so well, or took such interest as he did, in all that was being done, at any distance east, west, north, or south of the great city—from Victoria Park to Battersea—from the Regent's Park to the Crystal Palace, and far beyond. "He would frequently return," the Queen says, "to luncheon at a great pace, and would always come through the Queen's dressing-room, where she generally was at that time, with that bright loving smile with which he ever greeted her ; telling her where he had been—what new buildings he had seen—what studios, &c., he had visited. Riding for mere riding's sake he disliked, and said : 'Es ennuyirt mich so. (It bores me so.)'"

Their delighted retreats to the country, especially after they had discovered and laid out Balmoral, of which the Queen testifies in her journal :—

"Every year my heart becomes more fixed in this dear Paradise, and so much more so now that *all* has become my dearest Albert's *own* creation, own work, own building, own laying out, as at Osborne, that his great taste, and the impress of his dear hand have been stamped everywhere."

All these, made the subjects of narrative, will tell a story which, we trust, will not only satisfy and refresh the heart of our beloved Sovereign, but will, over all the circles of English society, exercise an influence, pure, healthful, and therefore delightful.



## II.

## THE POET OF CULTURE.\*

MR. ARNOLD is an active and thoroughly industrious man; we have no doubt also a thoroughly conscientious one; and it may further be said, that he very seldom speaks without saying something, although he does not seem to be gifted with an especial faculty of graciousness; on the contrary, he seldom expresses himself in prose without exciting animosity and admiration in about equal proportions. This little paper on culture is, in its way, an admirable illustration of the prominent faculties of his mental and moral character. He is a man of eminent genius, but not free from a certain vice of daintiness and affectation; he is a man himself, we have no doubt, of very considerable culture—an artist by all the instincts of his nature; a man especially disturbed and dissatisfied by the appearance of disproportion anywhere, but, apparently, for that very reason, too intolerant of that militant strength which often hurls itself along without being very careful to march after the science of regimental æsthetics. Such are the impressions his elegant and delightful little volume of essays produced upon us; we might gather some such impressions from his previous volume of poems, and assuredly from this suggestive little paper in the *Cornhill*. The *Daily Telegraph* seems to have vexed his soul by calling him, with more epigrammatic force than is usually the property of that popular broadsheet, an “elegant Jeremiah.” Now we, as we hope our readers quite understand already, and will yet more distinctly understand before they bid farewell to this article, have a high appreciation of Mr. Arnold, and yet this designation really expresses, in our more innermost states of feeling, our exact impression about him. He is a poet of grief; sees and feels really the sadness and sorrow of things, but he always does so daintily; never seems to go to a funeral without a lace pocket-handkerchief to absorb the lachrymatory distillations. We have often ourselves been astonished at a depth of feeling so profound and true in association with twangs and turns of expression which certainly seem affected, and even his very views of culture are

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\* *Cornhill*, July. *Culture and its Enemies*. By Matthew Arnold. *New Poems*. By Matthew Arnold. Macmillan & Co.

discoloured by this artificial rose-tint of feeling. His poems and his character seem to remind us of the exhibition at Frankfort of *Daneker's "Ariadne,"* where the spectator is ushered behind a curtain into a room, made to reflect not only upon the beautiful figure, but also upon the tiger, upon which she is seated, soft flesh tints. We compare it, for instance, with the impression of Power's "Greek Slave" without such an auxiliary of colour, and feel that the daintiness does not assist our admiration; hence from this quality of his mind, perhaps, Mr. Arnold is not more likely to understand his rougher critics than they are likely to appreciate him. The paper on culture, most important as it is, is not without its short comings and defects any more than are the views which it resists and condemns. Mr. Arnold throughout his paper very beautifully, but incompletely, defines culture to consist of "light and sweetness" or beauty. Culture is light, no doubt, and light is both sweetness and beauty; but if it be necessary to annex the latter condition to it, it is equally necessary to annex another, and we should say that culture is light, sweetness, and strength; all light has as certainly the attribute of strength as the attribute of sweetness; light has a scorching, scathing it can destroy for the very purpose of revivifying. The whole of Mr. Arnold's paper seems to be oblivious of this; and he, as a critic able to take the cube root of great truths, is more reprehensible for forgetting this, and putting his lance in rest against reformers and such rude macadamizers of progress than they were, for ignorantly bowling about their rude words against all culture; we wish Mr. Arnold would consent to rise more out of the region of the mere reviewer or journalist himself, and when expounding great principles deal less with personalities. He seems to have always by him a pair of kid-leather boxing gloves, and it does not serve the real beauty, truth, and greatness of the views of which he would be the exponent; and in his ardent defence of culture he stoops to the faults of the men who run-a-muck in their ignorance and folly against it. The temper which loves and adores culture is, in our day, often as open to severe reprehension for its affectation and one-sidedness as is that temper which in its mere straightforward earnestness seeks to do battle against it, and we cannot but think that upon so important a subject Mr. Arnold might have addressed to his students from his chair at Oxford (for from no less a place than the chair of Poetry there first emanated this paper), words much more calculated by their comprehensiveness to help, and give significance to the student's life, and to heal differences between these two great intellectual partizanships. But we have assured sym-

pathy with Mr. Arnold, in his efforts to claim for culture a meed of regard, which on many hands it does not receive—it is a very significant state and word, it usually implies the possession of faculties which cannot be the inheritance of all men, it takes generations of education, and mental rest, to attain to it, it is the province and possession of souls calm and wise, rather than impetuous, it is the result of calm discriminating vision, and human sympathies, purified to become spiritual; as Mr. Arnold wisely says, it is the becoming something, rather than the having something, it is a subjective and interior state, it does not imply so much learning, or book knowledge, as the edification, and information of the nature within the man; it involves discipline, not merely of the body, but rather of all the spiritual powers; it is the harmony of passion with will, of thought with emotion, and it is circular, eminently this, inclusive, drawing nutrition from all things which surround it, “approving all things excellent;” its aim is perfection, its feeling that nothing is in vain, all things, all studies, all orders and conditions of men and of thought, are related to beauty, to use, and to strength—as Bishop Wilson said, quoted by our writer “To make reason and the will of God prevail;” or, as in the motto of Montesquieu, “to render an intelligent being yet more intelligent,” all its work is within; all this admitted, surely Mr. Arnold goes greatly out of his way when in eulogising his beloved culture he finds it necessary to attack the Nonconformist newspaper and its Puritan supporters; in fact, throughout the whole paper he descends from his own high platform, utters a great deal of truth, but expresses it in such terms that it becomes very frequently angular and one-sided; perhaps the eminent characteristic of culture is its power to appreciate, and do justice to all men—it may be, and certainly has been, that this spirit has frequently prevented it from sympathising with the noble efforts of those who have been impelled by immense, infinite, and overpowering feelings to the great exceptional tasks and duties of an age; perhaps the man of highest culture, or the age of highest culture, will never achieve in the greatest fields; it may be impossible for such a man to be a great age reformer, or a great warrior, perhaps the most illustrious poets, and musicians, could hardly pass Mr. Arnold’s muster-roll of characteristics; and the age which preeminently regards culture in its roundness, exactitude, and over refinement of faculty, may be unfitting itself for those stronger tasks wrought by less introspective, and merely self-conscious, ages and times. Side by side with Mr. Arnold’s little essay or lecture, we receive his volume of *Poems*, and it largely illustrates all those features to which we have referred, those acquainted with his previous volumes will recognise much of the old thoughtful



pathos, we use these [terms as] expressly indicating the character of his emotion, it filters through thought, thus in his very beautiful stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse. ¶

The silent courts, where night and day  
Into their stone-carved basins cold  
The splashing icy fountains play,  
The humid corridors behold,  
Where ghostlike in the deepening night  
Cowl'd forms brush by in gleaming white.

The chapel, where no organ's peal  
Invests the stern and naked prayer.  
With penitential cries they kneel  
And wrestle; rising then, with bare  
And white uplifted faces stand,  
Passing the Host from hand to hand;

Each takes; and then his visage wan  
Is buried in his cowl once more.  
The cells—the suffering Son of Man  
Upon the wall! the knee-worn floor!  
And, where they sleep, that wooden bed,  
Which shall their coffin be, when dead.

The library, where tract and tome  
Not to feed priestly pride are there,  
To hymn the conquering march of Rome, ¶  
Nor yet to amuse, as ours are;  
They paint of souls the inner strife,  
Their drops of blood, their death in life.

Those halls too, destined to contain  
Each its own pilgrim host of old,  
From England, Germany, or Spain—  
All are before me! I behold  
The House, the Brotherhood austere!  
And what am I, that I am here? ¶

For rigorous teachers seized my youth,  
And purged its faith, and trimm'd its fire,  
Shew'd me the high white star of Truth,  
There bade me gaze, and there aspire;  
Even now their whispers pierce the gloom:  
*What dost thou in this living tomb?*

¶ Wandering between two worlds, one dead,  
The other powerless to be born,  
With nowhere yet to rest my head,  
Like these, on earth I wait forlorn.  
Their faith, my tears, the world deride;  
I come to shed them at their side. ¶

Oh, hide me in your gloom profound  
 Ye solemn seats of holy pain!  
 Take me, cowl'd forms, and fence me round,  
 Till I possess my soul again!  
 Till free my thoughts before me roll,  
 Not chafed by hourly false control.

For the world cries your faith is now  
 But a dead time's exploded dream,  
 My melancholy sciolists say,  
 Is a pass'd mode, an outworn theme—  
 As if the world had ever had  
 A faith, or sciolists been sad.

Ah, if it *be* pass'd, take away,  
 At least, the restlessness—the pain!  
 Be man henceforth no more a prey  
 To these out-dated stings again!  
 The nobleness of grief is gone—  
 Ah, leave us not the fret alone!

In his volumes, now so many years old, we believe either out of print or withdrawn from the press, all readers notice that thoughtful and musical wail over the strangely transitive days in which we live, the same feelings repeat themselves here; we scarcely think with the same power. It does not seem that this volume abounds so fully with those tender turns of a kind of epigrammatic strength, if we may use the term epigram as expressive of emotion concentrated in a quaint fitness of expression, but the following gives an illustration of the old style.

#### YOUTH AND CALM.

'Tis death! and peace, indeed, is here,  
 And ease from shame, and rest from fear.  
 There's nothing can disarm now  
 The smoothness of that limpid brow.  
 But is a calm like this, in truth,  
 The crowning end of life and youth,  
 And when this boon rewards the dead,  
 Are all debts paid, has all been said?  
 And is the heart of youth so light,  
 Its step so firm, its eye so bright,  
 Because on its hot brow there blows  
 A wind of promise and repose  
 From the far grave, to which it goes;  
 Because it has the hope to come,  
 One day, to harbour in the tomb?  
 Ah no, the bliss youth dreams is one  
 For daylight, for the cheerful sun,  
 For feeling nerves and living breath—  
 Youth dreams a bliss on this side death!  
 It dreams a rest, if not more deep,  
 More grateful than this marble sleep.

It hears a voice within it tell:  
*Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well.*  
'Tis all perhaps which man acquires,  
But 'tis not what our youth desires.

Mr. Arnold, in the kind of culture he admires and inculcates, reminds us very much of the poems and ballads of Schiller; the setting of his thought, his, we must not say intensely, Greek, for intensity is unknown to the calm of that passionless light which seems to be his admiration; his admiration seems to be greatly, chiefly enlisted for those mental states which exist beyond all perturbations; he is an intellectual quietist. Our readers will remember how, in his volume of poems (1855), he expresses his admiration of Goethe; but the quiet, the passionless, calm of the old man, seems to be his great attraction:

When Goethe's death was told, we said—  
*Sunk, then, is Europe's sagest head.*  
*Physician of the Iron Age.*  
*Goethe has done his pilgrimage.*  
He took the suffering human race,  
He read each wound, each weakness clear—  
And struck his finger on the place  
And said—*Thou ailest here, and here.*—  
He look'd on Europe's dying hour  
Of fitful dream and feverish power;  
His eye plung'd down the weltering strife,  
The turmoil of expiring life;  
He said—*The end is everywhere:*  
*Art still has truth, take refuge there.*  
And he was happy, if to know  
Causes of things, and far below  
His feet to see the lurid flow  
Of terror, and insane distress,  
And headlong fate, be happiness.

He confesses that this attracts him to Obermann.

“He who hath watched, not shared the strife,  
Knows how the day hath gone;  
He only lives with the World's life,  
Who hath renounced his own.”

“Empedocles on Etna” is a fine poem; it has been published before, though only fragments of it have hitherto been seen by us, and it owes its publication in this volume to the request of Robert Browning; it is one of the remarkable poems of our time, and gives abundant illustration of that vexation of self-consciousness which is the curse of our time to feel, we would almost say, the happiness of such men as Mr. Arnold to be able to set to music, since that implies a mastery of the mystery, and the setting the discords of the soul to



a fine harmony or melody. The "Song of Empedocles" is a long and almost wonderful monologue or soliloquy; for Mr. Arnold reads the history of the old Greek as in some sense the story of a self-chained, self-tortured Prometheus, the bondage which irked him was within, the powers which lashed and tortured were within, "He cast himself into the crater of Etna that he might proclaim himself a god," says the old legend—"That he might annihilate self-consciousness, or resolve the mystery of its torments," says Mr. Arnold, who finds in the ancient madman a slave of thought, and wonders whether the same tyrannic spell will be upon him hereafter as here, crushed and despondent by the wordy sophisms of men, through which man's consciousness is extinguished, and he, disarrayed of his divinity, flying from such a possibility for himself, shrinking from the night which would wrap him round, if the soul lost her sense of solemn joy, and awe, and hope, he implores the fiery crater to receive him. His hymn is a fine piece of reasoning with life, far too long to even attempt to quote, and there is very much of that vein of philosophic soliloquy so well known in many of the pieces of Robert Browning himself, such as the Saul, Benezza, or Abtrogler, it consists of those

"Obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things,  
Falling from us, vanishings;  
Blank misgivings of a Creature  
Moving about in worlds not realised,  
High instincts before which our mortal nature  
Both tremble like guilty things surprised."

Such are words like these, speaking in condemnation of the sophists and simulaters of wisdom,

These hundred doctors try  
To preach thee to their school.  
We have the truth! they cry.  
And yet their oracle,  
Trumpet it as they will, is but the same as thine.

Once read thy own breast right,  
And thou hast done with fears!  
Man gets no other light,  
Search he a thousand years.  
Sink in thyself! there ask what ails thee, at that shrine!

What makes thee struggle and rave?  
Why are men ill at ease?—  
'Tis that the lot they have  
Fails their own will to please;  
For man would make no murmuring, were his will obey'd.

And why is it, that still  
Man with his lot thus fights?—  
Tis that he makes this will  
The measure of his rights,  
And believes Nature outraged if his will's gainsaid.

Couldst thou, Pausanias, learn  
How deep a fault is this!  
Couldst thou but once discern  
Thou hast no right to bliss,  
No title from the Gods to welfare and repose;

Then thou wouldst look less mazed  
Whene'er from bliss debarr'd,  
Nor think the Gods were crazed  
When thy own lot went hard.  
But we are all the same—the fools of our own woes!

We mortals are no kings  
For each of whom to sway  
A new-made world up-springs  
Meant merely for his play;  
No, we are strangers here; the world is from of old.

In vain our pent wills fret,  
And would the world subdue.  
Limits we did not set  
Condition all we do;  
Born into life we are, and life must be our mould.

Riches we wish to get,  
Yet remain spendthrifts still;  
We would have health, and yet  
Still use our bodies ill;  
Bafflers of our own prayers, from youth to life's last scenes.

We would have inward peace,  
Yet will not look within;  
We would have misery cease,  
Yet will not cease from sin;  
We want all pleasant ends, but will use no harsh means.

But the whole hymn must be read to reach the sense it expresses of the profound utterances of uncertainty. Or take the same spirit in the soliloquy immediately before the tormented spirit takes the plunge into the crater:

But mind—but thought—  
If these have been the master part of us—  
Where will *they* find their parent element?  
What will receive *them*, who will call *them* home?

But we shall still be in them, and they in us,  
 And we shall be the strangers of the world,  
 And they will be our lords, as they are now;  
 And keep us prisoners of our consciousness,  
 And never let us clasp and feel the All  
 But through their forms, and modes, and stifling veils.  
 And we shall be unsatisfied as now,  
 And we shall feel the agony of thirst,  
 The ineffable longing for the life of life  
 Baffled for ever; and still thought and mind  
 Will hurry us with them on their homeless march,  
 Over the unallied unopening earth,  
 Over the unrecognising sea; while air  
 Will blow us fiercely back to sea and earth,  
 And fire repel us from its living waves.  
 And then we shall unwillingly return  
 Back to this meadow of calamity,  
 This uncongenial place, this human life;  
 And in our individual human state  
 Go through the sad probation all again,  
 To see if we will poise our life at last,  
 To see if we will now at last be true  
 To our own only true, deep-buried selves,  
 Being one with which we are one with the whole world;  
 Or whether we will once more fall away  
 Into some bondage of the flesh or mind,  
 Some slough of sense, or some fantastic maze  
 Forg'd by the imperious lonely thinking-power.

We suppose there can be no question that this is all very nobly expressed, true poetry, but as representing very much the measure of that which Mr. Arnold gives us, it may be called vicious from the simple life of mere culture it represents. Mr. Arnold, as the poet of culture, reminds us that it is not in mere culture that the soul can receive its sublimest satisfactions; there is a life of earnestness as well as a life of luxurious mental ease, and sceptical questioning of things, and intense seeking, to fit the spirit into the groove of nature. It is very true that culture builds up the inward being to symmetry, repose, and harmony. The man of culture laughs at the Methodist who says, in his rough way, that by all means he must save his own soul, and knows no other ambition than to overcome the snares which would imperil his soul's safety, the Methodist who lives to this end has, no doubt, adopted a shallow creed, although the best conception of his relation to the universe he is capable of; but wherein does he much differ, excepting for the better, from the cultured *dilettante*, who substitutes for the word "soul" the word "mind," and for the attractions of a faith which is power to him, the speculations of an inquisitive eye beset everywhere



by the spectacle of monstrous deformities and discrepancies, by which

The ill-deeds of other men make often *our* life dark.

The calm, if calm it can be called, which sheds any measure of stillness through Mr. Arnold's verse, is such as comes from the consolations of necessity; his poetry is the poetry of necessity, as we have seen frequently, most beautiful, rhythmic, and strong; it is as if the old proverb, "What's done can't be helped," or, "Whatever is is right," should be set to music, and made to meander melodiously through the melodies of some magnificent Mozart-like mass or requiem. We cannot say that there are many traits of a fine, spiritual faith tinging the sweetness of Mr. Arnold's verse; nor can it be so, in fact culture of itself has never been friendly to faith; when it is not cynical and satiric, it is simply good-humoured, good-tempered, and indifferent, and many of those speakers and actors who, as fighting with very foolish weapons against what they denominate culture, receive Mr. Arnold's contempt, condemnation, and scorn, do yet more truly rise to the apprehension of a noble life, because the ideal of faith shines before them and lights them on; Mr. Arnold would very likely say a faith formed in ignorance, and, perhaps, not of a very high character even when attained; we are not so certain of either, but we know that faith, however received, and whatever its limitations, when real, is the mightiest motive power in man, a force in his nature, and it is a poor contempt which expresses itself in the following:—

PIS-ALLER.

"Man is blind because of sin;  
"Revelation makes him sure.  
"Without that, who looks within,  
"Looks in vain, for all's obscure."

Nay, look closer into man!  
Tell me, can you find indeed  
Nothing sure, no moral plan  
Clear prescribed, without your creed?

"No, I nothing can perceive;  
"Without that, all's dark for men.  
"That, or nothing, I believe."—  
For God's sake, believe it then!

As on the whole it is a poor grief which rings its epicedium in the following couplets:—

The epoch ends, the world is still.  
The age has talk'd and work'd its fill—

The famous orators have done,  
 The famous poets sung and gone,  
 The famous men of war have fought,  
 The famous speculators thought,  
 The famous players, sculptors, wrought,  
 The famous painters fill'd their wall,  
 The famous critics judg'd it all.  
 The combatants are parted now,  
 Uphung the spear, unbent the bow,  
 The puissant crown'd, the weak laid low !  
 And in the after-silence sweet,  
 Now strife is hush'd, our ears doth meet,  
 Ascending pure, the bell-like fame  
 Of this or that down-trodden name,  
 Delicate spirits, push'd away  
 In the hot press of the noon-day.  
 And o'er the plain, where the dead age  
 Did its now silent warfare wage—  
 O'er that wide plain, now wrapt in gloom,  
 Where many a splendour finds its tomb,  
 Many spent fames and fallen might—  
 The one or two immortal lights  
 Rise slowly up into the sky  
 To shine there everlastingly,  
 Like stars over the bounding hill.  
 The epoch ends, the world is still.

We will only take one other extract to show the spirit in which the poet of culture works and feels ; it is called

A WISH.

I ask not that my bed of death  
 From bands of greedy heirs be free ;  
 For these besiege the latest breath  
 Of fortune's favour'd sons, not me.

I ask not each kind soul to keep  
 Tearless, when of my death he hears ;  
 Let those who will, if any, weep !  
 There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find  
 The freedom to my life denied :  
 Ask but the folly of mankind,  
 Then, then at last to quit my side.

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,  
 The friends who come, and gape, and go :  
 The ceremonious air of gloom—  
 All that makes death a hideous show !

The future and its viewless things—  
 That undiscover'd mystery  
 Which one who feels death's winnowing wings  
 Must needs read clearer, sure, than he !

Bring none of these ! but let me be,  
While all around in silence lies,  
Moved to the window near, and see  
Once more before my dying eyes

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn  
The wide aërial landscape spread—  
The world which was ere I was born,  
The world which lasts when I am dead.

Which never was the friend of *one*  
Nor promised love it could not give,  
But lit for all its generous sun,  
And lived itself, and made us live.

There let me gaze, till I become  
In soul with what I gaze on wed !  
To feel the universe my home ;  
To have before my mind—instead

Of the sick-room, the mortal strife,  
The turmoil for a little breath—  
The pure eternal course of life,  
Not human combatings with death.

Thus feeling, gazing, let me grow  
Compos'd, refresh'd, ennobl'd, clear ;  
Then willing let my spirit go  
To work or wait elsewhere or here !

We have thus put the poet, who when he is real, is all the true man, by the side of the teacher. Mr. Arnold's verses expound his discourse at Oxford, his verses shape out his faith ; nor is it wonderful that he should be irritated ; though that word is out of place, we doubt whether Mr. Arnold ever could be irritated, we really wish he could feel a little anger, passion, wrath, and such coarse human things now and again. Yet as far as irritation could be the property of such sublimated material, so far we have seen the fact and its cause. His paper, while many of its sayings compel some sympathy, something like admiration, certainly by some of the sudden turns of humour or cheerfulness, as when he tells us that "fathers who have succeeded in getting a great number of children, are the ideal England of to-day, are regarded as having done something beautiful, elevating, and meritorious, and have only to present themselves before the great Judge with their twelve children to be received among the sheep as a matter of right." This certainly puts "here am I, and the children "Thou hast given me," in a very queer juxtaposition of ideas. Faith in machinery, faith in the virtue of getting rich, and other such like items, are certainly worthy of all the utmost



measure of Mr. Arnold's denunciation, although in denouncing we must remind him that he certainly brings something more than light and sweetness to bear upon the topics and subjects of his scorn. This said, then, with all our admiration of and homage to culture, it seems to us that we shall come to a poor pass when religion, as Mr. Arnold seems to define it, turns out to be little more, if anything more, than "mere curiosity;" and a bad thing for culture itself if, as Mr. Arnold says, it ends in proclaiming that "*it* has no rabbi" or master. Such an end would be pretty much the expression of the faith that man has no instinct to guide him, and no teachers to help him in his course.

### III.

#### ESSAYS ON SYMBOLISM.\*

THE history of symbolism is the history of the human mind, and a more interesting, profound, and widely branching subject, it is not possible to find. The story includes almost all races, perhaps we need make no qualification, and might say all; it concerns itself with objects, usages, rites, and customs, of the most opposite character; it touches every highest and lowest department of nature; it is the history of architecture, and all those efforts by which man has sought, either in pyramid, monolith, cathedral, or conventicle, tabernacle, or temple—we might even include palace, or mausoleum—to embody his ideas. It is the story of types, and those fundamental legends which are supposed to haunt and to underlie, with a marvellous and inexplicable significance all things, rivers, or trees, or living creatures. The size of the books before us, therefore, is no gauge of the interest of the subject, we may add, neither of their own value; they are very small, but they are very interesting, written by men evidently quite familiar with the topic, and able to treat

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- \* 1. *Symbols of Christendom; an Elementary and Introductory Text-Book.* By J. Radford Thomson, M.A. Longman, Green, and Co.  
 2. *Essays on Symbolism.* By H. C. Barlow, M.D., F.G.S. Williams and Norgate.

it in all its departments. Mr. Barlow is well known as the enthusiastic Dantephilist ; his enthusiastic devotion to the chief poet of symbolism must have brought him largely into acquaintance with the whole range of the literature of the fruitful subject. Mr. Thomson's, if not taking quite the same range, confining itself more to purely ecclesiastical and Christian symbolism, is perhaps even a yet more able book,—perhaps we ought rather to say, that it derives value from its intensity, and narrowing its intention, keeps the mind of the reader fixed more earnestly upon a given point. It is, undoubtedly, the most admirable little hand-book with which we are acquainted on the subject—we only regret that it is so small—thoroughly accomplished, revealing the extensive reading and competent knowledge of the author, we regret that he did not aim at more, upon a subject concerning which our bookshelves would bear the addition of some well-informed, and eloquent, and especially Protestant, Durandus, such as we take Mr. Thomson to be. While men like Mr. Perry, and Dr. Littledale, are writing upon symbolism from its ritualistic aspects, in such a manner as really to provoke the wonder whether any such virtue as common-sense is left at all, as the endowment of the party to which they belong : the efficacy, for instance, of Christ's sacrifice, being made to depend upon the fact of the priest standing by the north side of the altar ! We are very glad to find an able and eloquent Nonconformist removing the question altogether out of the mere ritualistic discussion, and giving to it that attention which, by every consideration of its wonderful associations and claims, it surely deserves. How it comes to be that man exercises himself in these strange excursions of spirit, it does not seem possible very distinctly to fix, and certainly upon a very low and unspiritual conception of man, it is utterly impossible. Man creates symbols just as he writes poems ; the same cause produces either effect ; indeed every great poem is only an individual symbolism. But, in that which we especially call so, there seems throughout the history to be so much of order and unity, so that the like ideas pervade whole continents, and spreads from nation to nation ; nor does it seem sufficient to date such ideas to certain primal instincts in the human mind, instinct combines with some tradition running through many variations, and a long course of generations. In Mr. Barlow's little book occurs an illustration of this in the *Art History of the Tree of Life* which, from the *crux-ansata* of the Egyptians, and long before, down through all the obvious Christian adaptations of the Middle Ages, spread with a marvellous significancy from mind to mind. Trees have been among the most favourite objects of symbolism. If the tree of life is found

at the close of the long vista of Hebrew theology, very striking also is the Yggdrasill of Scandinavian mythology. The mundane tree, of all trees, said in the Eddas to be the greatest and the best, with three roots it strikes down to the mythic regions of the *æsir*, or the frost giants, while its branches strike up and penetrate to the nebulous *nifelheim*, its majestic stem overtops the heavens, its branches fill the whole wide world. It is sprinkled with the purest water, whence the dew which falls in the dales, and its life giving energy is diffused throughout all nature. At its foot is the under fountain where sit the three Norns, or the fates, time past, time present, and time to come, they give characters to men, and fix their destinies, and so on. "I like that representation," says Thomas Carlyle, "of the tree *Igdrasil*, all life is figured as a tree, *Igdrasil*, the ash-tree of existence, what was done, what is doing, what will be done, I find no similitude so true as this of a tree, beautiful, altogether beautiful and great." Which language of Mr. Carlyle, however, shows how much more than a mere similitude the *Igdrasil* was; and Mr. Barlow illustrates its wonderful variety of correspondences, in the sacred oak of the Druids, and the sacred *Taou* of the Chinese, the groves and sacred trees of India, Japan, and Persia. In fact, the tree seems to be one of the most primal types, and at the same time, therefore, one of the most universal, and to be related to a long out-branching of theological ideas. The psalmist says, "The Lord discoveredst the forest," and it is not too much to say that as the groves were God's first temples, so the chief tree of the grove seems to have fostered and given sustenance to those meditative ideas, which wrought themselves out into assertions of religious worship, including, first the great principle of life, till leaf and branch, stem and root, became significant, referred to that which rose up heavenward, and in spires all aflame with the glow of heaven, pinnacles and pointed arches, flying buttresses, and windows, like alcoves, pouring a flood of light over aisle, transept, and nave, combined the principles of created art with the influences of meditative nature, thus throughout the long stream of human history the impersonal and wandering instinct became resolved into a poetic symbolism, and this again into a descriptive theology. Before man was able to talk of Nature and Being, their powers were at work within him, man only satisfies himself as his meditations become objective and symbolical, and he can only derive his symbols from the world in which he lives and moves, as a river, in its phenomenal and transitive course, reflects upon its bosom objects more durable than itself, the faces of men, or overhanging rocks, or stars, so all symbolism has been a stream of thought, a phenomenal embodiment of permanent and durable ideas. As man ascends to



the higher and more intimate realisation of, and acquaintance with spiritual acts, he loses the necessity for symbolical allegory, and narrative myth: the grandest and eldest forms of thought have it not, and the later and higher exercises of pure intelligence dispense with it, but pictorial resemblances are the necessity of children, and thus while in the absurdities, and gross shamanisms, and fetishisms, of the Chinese and all heathen races, the superstitions of the human mind are illustrated, there is scarce a story or an observance which a thoughtful mind would treat with mere contempt; there is much to awaken pity, but little that creates surprise, in all there is the history and operation of the human mind and its action and effort to give a material shape to invisible powers and things. As it is, the human mind which does all, which works itself out into form and colour, which avails itself of all its knowledge and instincts to create poems, make pictures and rear edifices, so all symbolism is the result of the action of mind; but when mind becomes influenced by what man believes to be revelation, of course the symbolism takes a more distinct, definite, and to the measure and quality of its conception of what the revelation has given, a more mystical form, hence the grandest symbolism is that which either Christian truth, or Christian superstitions, building upon and perverting Christian truth, has wrought, indeed; the human mind, in dealing with Christian truth, has wrought out its symbolism in very different ways. Mr. Thomson very justly says:—

Men can no more dispense with symbol in religion than they can in daily life; and the sect of Christians which professes the strongest dislike to external tokens of religiousness, the Society of Friends, has adopted the quaintest, drollest symbolism to be found within the limits of Christendom. There is no more thorough-going symbolist and ritualist than your Quaker; as may be seen from his dress, his language, his demeanour and his worship.

Most true if man worships in however plain a way, he is compelled to the use of symbol, kneeling is a very simple, common, and we should suppose most general and indispensable form of worship: but if a man should decline all public service, and yet give himself to prayer at home, either personally, or with his family, and kneels, there is his symbol, or if, as with the Quaker, in his family service he simply sits still, engaged in what is called a silent waiting, there is his symbol; in fact, man cannot dispense with the symbol; there is not a Nonconformist chapel of the straitest or the strictest sect, but it uses the symbol, the standing of the congregation to sing, the closing of the eyes in prayer, the gown or robe of the minister; or, if this is recoiled from with

horror, the pulpit, the organ, these are all symbols, or if, with the Plymouth Brother, all these are dispensed with, and disesteemed, the very renunciation of them is symbolical, the gathering together, the singing, nay, the very words themselves, for man is the creature of symbol, his very body is a symbol, the real life is behind all its functions, there is not a word used but it is a symbol, behind which a mind is speaking, and striving to manifest itself; the number of those who have sought to dispense with all these, and to be independent of them, has been very inconsiderable, and all sects, however simple in their origin and their service, seem at last to have reached the sense of the necessity; Nonconformists in the present day have in a wonderful manner returned to many of these old ways, and even the plainest of them, not to speak of those who have approached more elaborate usages, avail themselves of the return, and the huge and magnificent marble baptistry of Mr. Spurgeon illustrates it in that sense, as much as a robe, stained glass, or costly organ; the symbol is that which expresses, to the sense of the worshipper, something true and real, however it may be phenomenal and fleeting. But it is in proportion to the details of the faith or the service that symbolism has an opportunity for disporting and displaying itself to rear a house for God where His servants may serve Him, to desire that that house should be so harmonious with the highest, and most elevated taste, as to produce corresponding impressions on the hearts and minds of the worshippers, and that the service should be such as not only by its decency not to irritate, but by its elevation to soothe and give wings to the spirit—this surely seems a very simple and natural conception of symbolism, for ourselves we should not seek more than this, but we should desire this, but if on the contrary we could believe that the spirit of God, and the presence of Christ, were not merely the pledged portions of all the children of faith and prayer, but that the spirit was conditioned by certain sacraments, that it could be given, or withheld by certain functionaries, if we could believe Christ's daily and momently presence in His Church, to be Eucharistical and sacrificial, that His flesh was in every piece of bread in the Communion, and His blood in every drop of wine, if we could believe this, with what infinite awfulness the service would be surrounded, and the place, the temple, be filled; hence the symbolism of the Church of Rome is no mere concession to decorum, or decency, no mere harmony with good taste and right feeling, it heaves with the pulse of the Redeemer's passion, and throbs with the life of God; this is the faith of Rome, this gives effect to everything it does, the use of the sign of the cross, and the monogram, the nimbus or crown of sanctity, the aureole glorifying the saintly persons of the long processions

of Roman mythology, and even the five canonical colours; emblematic, and typical, in all the services—as white the colour of angels and saints and investments indicating joyous festivals; the red, as the colour of fire, emblematical of ancient love, the colour of blood, suffering and martyrdom, and in the service the colour of the Pentecost; the violet the colour of sorrow, humility and enduring love, the colour of confessors, and the colour in Church Service of Lent; green the symbol of cheerfulness and hope, a neutral colour, but still the livery of earth, and the symbol of all those services to which other colours are not assigned, save black, the funereal, the colour associated with the grave and its grievous services and occasions. Thus the Church leaves nothing of sense untouched, or unimpressed by its finger, and all things and objects to its eye become a kind of sacramental vehicle; more especially does this become the case in architecture; we referred to this at length some months since, Mr. Thomson's chapter is very comprehensive upon this:

It has been remarked that the material symbolizes the spiritual church: accordingly its symbolical sacredness is believed to increase with progression Eastwards. The nave is for the laity, and it is regarded as setting forth the church of Christ in its earthly and militant condition. The chancel is reserved for the ministers of the Lord's house, and symbolizes heaven, or the church in its glorified and triumphant state. This is probably the explanation of the steps leading up to the more sacred and celestial portion of the edifice. And there can be no doubt that this symbolism explains the importance constantly attached to the chancel-arch and the rood-screen, by which the two sections of a church are separated from one another, and through which the communicant must pass to receive the supper of the Lord. The chancel indeed "is so called a *cancellis*, from the lattice work partition betwixt the choir and the body of the church, so framed as to separate the one from the other, but not to intercept the sight." On the chancel-arch, above the rood-screen, it has been usual to paint in fresco a representation of the great doom or judgment day, Christ, the judge, in His majesty, exercising His judicial functions. The purpose of this is to remind the worshipper that, before passing to his eternal destiny, he, with all mankind, must stand before that august, Divine, tribunal. The "rood" is the old English term for the cross; and the rood-screen has its name from the circumstance that upon it has been usually placed a cross with the figure of our blessed Lord upon it, speaking to the faithful of atonement and pardon, and supplying the hope needed to look forward with lowly confidence to the judgment to come. "The rood-screen," says St. Gregory of Nazianzum, "is between two worlds." In consistency with this symbolism, images of saints and martyrs are often placed in the lower part of the screen in question? whilst the usual colours employed in its ornamentation are crimson and gold, em-



blematic of suffering and of victory. The great truth is thus inculcated, that the passage from earth to Heaven is a keen and sometimes a sanguinary conflict. "Through much tribulation we must enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

The same symbolic spirit runs through the baptistry, the font, the altar, the crypt, and innumerable other particulars; but, in Church architecture, there is not a part or a brick which is not intended to receive the handwriting of hieroglyph and figure. As Dr. Milman has said, "the cathedral is a vast book in stone;" if its height and vastness is intended to suggest the inconceivable and incomprehensible in the Godhead, symbolising the Infinite, so that the mind might feel humble under its shadow, as beneath an awful presence, "its tower was intended, with its sonorous "musical bells, their peals of joy and triumph, and knell of "pathos, to speak of the minister of Christ, and the message he "should ever bear to souls, while even the weathercock perched "aloft, with its face ever to the wind, like the faithful preacher, "bade all Christians to pray and to endure hardness in the cause "of the Lord." Symbolism in Christendom finds one of its most interesting departments as it deals with persons. Very few of our readers can be unacquainted with Mrs. Jameson's beautiful volumes, in which the relation of this department to art is set forth; and the *Golden Legend*, and the *Lives of the Saints*, are a wonderful repertory of stories, authentic and fabulous. In the works of many of the old masters, most of the pictures of sacred persons have associated symbols, as the eagle of St. John, and St. James, the pilgrim's staff:—

The oblique cross, somewhat in the form of the letter X, is known as St. Andrew's cross, from a tradition, neither conclusive or venerable, that it was upon an instrument of this shape that the Protoclete among the twelve gained the crown of martyrdom. A mediæval hymn affirms Andrew to have cried out, at the sight of his cross:—"Hail, precious cross, that hast been consecrated by the body of my Lord, and adorned with His limbs as with rich jewels. I come to Thee exulting and glad; receive me with joy into Thy arms. O good cross, that has received beauty from our Lord's limbs: I have ardently loved Thee; long have I desired and sought Thee; now Thou art found by me, and art made ready for my longing soul; receive me into Thy arms, taking me from among men, and present me to my Master; that He, who redeemed me on Thee, may receive me by Thee!"

Simon bears a saw, Thaddæus a halberd, Matthias a lance, Bartholomew a knife:—

Why St. Thomas is figured with a builder's square or rule, an emblem for which there is no immediately apparent reason and appropriateness, will appear to the reader on perusing the following extract from the "Golden Legend," the repertory of a multitude of stories, authentic and fabulous:—

"After this, the Apostle and Abanes came unto the king of Inde. And the king devised to the Apostle a marvellous palace, and delivered to him great treasure. And the king went into another province. And the Apostle gave all the treasure to poor people. And the Apostle was always in predication two year, or thereabout, or the king came, and converted much people without number to the faith. And when the king came, and knew what he had done, he put him and Abanes into the most deepest of his prison, and purposed fully to flay them and burn them. And in the meanwhile Gaath, brother of the king, died, and there was made for him a rich sepulchre. And the fourth day he that had been dead rose from death to life, and all men were abashed and fled. And he said to his brother, "This man that thou intendest to flay and burn is a friend of God, and the angels of God serve him, and they brought me into paradise and have showed me a palace of gold and silver and of precious stones, and is marvellously ordained. When I marvelled of the great beauty thereof, they said to me, This is the palace that Thomas hath made for thy brother. When I said, I would be thereof porter, they said unto me, Thy brother is made unworthy to have it; if thou wilt dwell therein we shall pray God to raise it so that thou mayest go buy it of thy brother, in giving to him the money that he had supposed he had lost. And when he had said this, he ran to the prison, and required of the Apostle that he would pardon his brother that he had done to him, and then delivered him out of prison. The Apostle said, Many palaces be there in Heaven, which are made ready since the beginning of the world, that are bought by price of faith and by alms of your riches, which may well go before you to these palaces, but they may not follow you."

It thus appears that St. Thomas had no ordinary title to the assumption of the badge of the builder's craft!

The legendary character of symbolism is perhaps its most interesting department, and it very frequently, in a very considerable degree, illustrates all the other departments of the subject. It is full to overflowing of strange stories, fables, and traditions, and shows how full popular devotion is of those ideas, in which the whole world of symbolism has its origin and its impressions. It does not seem, that as times and ages advance, men escape from the fascination which for ages bowed the spirits of the great millions of our race, beneath its spell; and the present day witnesses in our country a wonderful return to the old usages. The recent publications of the ritualists are devoted very largely to the consideration of this question. The recently

published second series of essays entitled, the *Church and the World*, contains a paper on the "Symbolism of Ritual," from which we learn that this is an essential part of the sacramental system ; that the sacramental principle itself goes if we become inattentive to the symbolism of the sacrament, and, in fact, the whole essay pleads for the restoration and entire restitution of symbolism, denouncing the idea that there can be any real worship, where it is not associated with the sense of living power, running through all vestments, forms, persons, not merely significant and pictorial, but real and actual. And, indeed, symbolism is this or it is nothing, the things it does, or the things it purposed to see, are efficient, though not like the transcript the artist makes to his canvas of trees or waters, but which he believes are no more than pictorial resemblances. Such symbolism puts us rather in mind of those red Indians, among whom Mr. Catlin happened to fall, who objected to his taking their likenesses, because they believed that in doing so he took their souls out of them, and put them 'on the canvas ; or that other man, singularly wrath, when Mr. Catlin produced his profile, because he supposed Mr. Catlin had taken away half of him. Such are the strange fixed ideas of that symbolism which is regarded, not as material resemblance, but as spiritual power.

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#### IV.

#### THOMAS CARLYLE'S LAST SERMON.\*

MR. CARLYLE has usually been so unhappy when he has delivered himself of any of his doctrines as to know very little of loud cheers or immense applause ; and to this his last paper, is no exception ; we have not seen a word as yet of commendation, but misunderstanding, misrepresentation, and, to quote Mr. Carlyle's often used image—"Ostrich-like blindness" to the intention and purpose of it, seems to have characterised all able editors, writers of leaders and reviews, who have given to it the condescension of their consideration.

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\* *Macmillian's Magazine*, August, 1867. *Shooting Niagara and after.*



It is, in truth, another latter-day pamphlet ; wrung out of Mr. Carlyle, it would seem, by the last feats, of saltim bandie democracy in our Commons and Lords ; from this Mr. Carlyle proceeds to deliver himself, after his accustomed fashion and in his well known notes, upon our social sins in general ; he is a poet of the highest order, we believe, made out of the same stuff as that which has produced Homers and Dantes. It was to be expected, therefore, that much of his language would soar away through strong trope and figure, not always most comprehensible to blockheads and ordinary mortals ; but, that any man preaching with intense earnestness to his age, reproving, rebuking, and exhorting, should receive the polite bows, and grimacing gratitude of the men whose vices he lashes, was not to be expected ; this has not ordinarily been the case, Ahab got up no testimonial for Elijah, except the threat of his life ; nor Manasseh for Isaiah, except, so tradition tells us, that altogether unpleasant testimonial of sawing him in sunder ; the Master told some terrible truths to the chief priests, and scribes, and Pharisees, and they called him Beelzebub, and did something also with nails, and scourge, and crown of thorns to show their sense of His value. Stones and imprisonment greeted Paul. And John Tetzal, we are sure, did not feel grateful to Martin Luther for putting a stop to the sale of indulgences—"So persecuted they the prophets which were before you," so Thomas Carlyle comes off pretty well ; newspaper leaders break no bones ; we, however, are desirous of expressing our sense that this sermon, by our venerable and veteran preacher, is equal to any he has addressed to us, and that substantially it is as true as the words of inspired prophets, for it grows out of their truth ; to speak after Mr. Carlyle's language—"It is a genuine voice out of the eternal verities." The prophecy, certainly contains no smooth things, it is pretty much one strong, withering, and unbroken curse from beginning to end ; the mischief of the matter is, that common-sense and righteousness cannot make out the curse to be causeless. That every reader, and thoughtful and reverencing lover of Mr. Carlyle will go along with him through all the particulars of his denunciation is not to be expected, but it is not merely in the main, but for the most part, one feels amidst the swing and toll of these tremendous anathemas, that they wake up in the soul a response of their common-sense and justice. Being an original man, what we call a poet, or creator, Mr. Carlyle can, and will, only express his sense in his own way, after the fashion of his own most marvellously elliptical and electrical speech ; we are not aware that he needs any allowance, as it is called, to be made for him, passion and

infinite earnestness and vehemence are the characteristics of his mind and style, they are well known; the fact is, there is nothing at all new in the paper; it is old eternal truth; you value your preacher as he possesses that conscience-searching power, that way of using his words like nimble lightnings, darting into the consciousness, and waking up all the sins, and saying "here we are," as the lightnings say, in their revealing terror. *The Saturday Review*, in one of its sneers upon the paper, inquires if Mr. Carlyle expects the State to be saved by politeness! we apprehend that that is exactly what he does not expect, and assuredly it is a condiment he does not keep in his cruet; he is not one to approach swindlers or rascals, with elegant expressions, such as, "Now let me beg you to consider," "Now, really don't you think," "My dear friend, let us look quietly at this matter," this is not quite Mr. Carlyle's style, nor do we ourselves quite perceive that it is likely to be very effective, with those, who perhaps, have moral natures as sterling and insensible as a garotter's, or if not so bad as this, intelligences as obtuse, and perverted as a long course of sad-doing and wrong-doing could render them. Our readers, most of whom, perhaps, have read the paper, must permit us to give them a few of the prophetic anathemas.

For we are a people drowned in Hypocrisy; saturated with it to the bone:—alas it is even so, in spite of far other intentions at one time, and of a languid, dumb, but ineradicable inward protest against it still;—and we are beginning to be universally conscious of that horrible condition, and by no means disposed to die in behalf of continuing it! It has lasted long, that unblessed process; process of "lying to steep in the Devil's Pickle," for above two hundred years (I date the formal beginning of it from the year 1660, and desperate return of Sacred Majesty after such an ousting as it had got); process which appears to be now about complete. Who could regret the finis of such a thing; finis on any terms whatever! Possibly it will not be death eternal, possibly only death temporal, death temporary.

My neighbours, by the million against one, all expect that it will almost certainly be New-birth, a Saturnian time,—with gold nuggets themselves more plentiful than ever. As for us we will say, Rejoice in the *awakening* of poor England even on these terms. To lie torpid, sluttishly gurgling and mumbling, spiritually in soak "in the Devil's Pickle" (choicest elixir the Devil brews,—is not unconscious or half-conscious *Hypocrisy*, and quiet *Make-believe* of yourself and others, strictly that?) for above two hundred years: that was the infinitely dismal condition, all others are but finitely so.

Running through a tolerable length, the writer recapitulates the items of national turpitude, mendacity, and folly, which

assuredly are not particularly new to any of our knowledges, and assuredly are not to be disbelieved. Nay, are we not so happy as to possess in our midst very many good men, who are the salt of the earth, the ten righteous in Sodom, who have long, in a certain mild, weak way recited, deplored, and attempted to expose, exactly the same thing. Who doubts, for instance, the amazing hollowness of society in the attempt everywhere made to colour over deformities, sins, and shames, to hold together things which have no cohesion, to make rottenness beautiful and insolvency respectable; but Mr. Carlyle speaks of it in the following vehement manner, and who will say, as he reads, "I have looked through society and the testimony is not true?"

And to such length have we at last brought it, by our wilful, conscious and now long-continued method of using *varnish*, instead of actual repair by honest *carpentry*, of what we all knew and saw to have gone undeniably wrong in our procedures and affairs! Method deliberately, steadily, and even solemnly continued, with much admiration of it from ourselves and others, as the best and only good one, for above two hundred years. Ever since that *annus mirabilis* of 1660, when Oliver Cromwell's dead clay was hung on the gibbet, and a much easier "reign of Christ" under the divine gentleman called Charles II. was thought the fit thing, this has been our steady method; varnish, varnish; if a thing have grown so rotten that it yawns palpable, and is so inexpressibly ugly that the eyes of the very populace discern it and detest it,—bring out a new pot of varnish, with the requisite supply of putty; and lay it on handsomely. Don't spare varnish; how well it will all look in a few days, if laid on handsomely. Varnish alone is cheap and is safe; avoid carpentering, chiselling, sawing, and hammering on the old quiet House;—dry-rot is in it, who knows how deep; don't disturb the old beams and junctures: varnish, varnish, if you will be blessed by gods and men! This is called the Constitutional System, Conservative System, and other fine names; and this at last has its fruits, such as we see. Mendacity hanging in the very air we breathe; all men become unconsciously or half or wholly-consciously,—*liars* to their own souls and to other men's; grimacing, finessing, periphrasing, in continual hypocrisy of *word*, by way of varnish to continual past, present future misperformance of *thing*:—clearly sincere about nothing whatever, except in silence, about the appetites of their own huge belly, and the readiest method of assuaging these. From a population of that sunk kind, ardent only in pursuits that are low and in industries that are sensuous and *beaverish*, there is little peril of *human* enthusiasms, or revolutionary transports, such as occurred in 1789, for instance. A low-minded *pecus* all that; essentially torpid and *ignavum*, on all that is high or nobly human in revolutions.

And the curing of national shortcomings in the doing justly,



loving mercy, and walking humbly with God by what are called Reform Bills, manhood suffrages, and so on, seems to Mr. Carlyle of all receipts the most absurd, and the proclamation of a glorious liberty to the sons of the devil. This he ridicules in his usual manner of utter scorn, "the equality of man, all "men alike equal, Quashee Nigger to Socrates or Shakspeare, "Judas Iscariot to Jesus Christ, and Bedlam and Gehenna equal "to the New Jerusalem."—

Ask yourself about "Liberty," for example; what do you really mean by it, what in any just and rational soul is that Divine quality of liberty? That a good man be "free," as we call it, be permitted to unfold himself in works of goodness and nobleness, is surely a blessing to him, immense and indispensable; —to him and to those about him. But that a bad man be "free,"—permitted to unfold himself in his particular way, is contrariwise, the fatallest curse you could inflict on him; curse and nothing else, to him and all his neighbours. Him the very Heavens call upon you to persuade, to urge, induce, compel, into something of well-doing; if you absolutely cannot, if he will continue in ill-doing,—then for him (I can assure you, though you will be shocked to hear it), the one "blessing" left is the speediest gallows you can lead him to. Speediest, that at least his ill-doing may cease *quam primum*. Oh, my friends, whither are you buzzing and swarming, in this extremely absurd manner? Expecting a Millennium from "extension of the suffrage," laterally, vertically, or in whatever way?

All the Millenniums I ever heard of heretofore were to be preceded by a "chaining of the Devil for a thousand years,"—laying *him* up, tied neck and heels, and put beyond stirring, as the preliminary. You too have been taking preliminary steps, with more and more ardour, for a thirty years back; but they seem to be all in the opposite direction: a cutting asunder of straps and ties, wherever you might find them; pretty indiscriminate of choice in the matter: a general repeal of old regulations, fetters, and restrictions (restrictions on the Devil originally, I believe, for the most part, but now fallen slack and ineffectual), which had become unpleasant to many of you,—with loud shouting from the multitude, as strap after strap was cut, "Glory, glory, another strap is gone!"—this I think, has mainly been the sublime legislative industry of Parliament since it became "Reform Parliament;" victoriously successful, and thought sublime and beneficent by some. So that now hardly any limb of the Devil has a thrum, or tatter of rope or leather left upon it:—there needs almost superhuman heroism in you to "whip" a Garotter; no Fenian taken with the reddest hand is to be meddled with, under penalties; hardly a murderer, never so detestable and hideous, but you find him "insane," and "board him at the public expense," a very peculiar *British* Prytaneum of these days! And in fact, the Devil (he, verily, if you will consider the sense of words) is likewise become an Emancipated Gentleman; lithe of limb, as in Adam and Eve's time, and scarcely a toe or finger of him *tied* any more. And

you, my astonishing friends, *you* are certainly getting into a millennium, such as never was before,—hardly even in the dreams of Bedlam. Better luck to you by the *way*, my poor friends;—a little less of buzzing, humming, swarming (*i.e.*, tumbling in infinite noise and darkness), that you might try to look a little, each for himself, what kind of “way” it is! But indeed your “Reform” movement, from of old, has been wonderful to me; everybody meaning by it, not “Reformation,” practical amendment of his own foul courses, or even of his neighbour’s, no thought of that whatever, though that, you would say, is the one thing to be thought of and aimed at;—but meaning simply Extension of the Suffrage! Bring in more voting; that will clear away the universal rottenness, and puddle of mendacities, in which poor England is drowning; let England only vote sufficiently, and all is clean and sweet again. A very singular *swarmery* this of the Reform movement, I must say.

For evidently the writer has no faith in high rectitude presiding over trade transactions; it seems to him a free racing with unlimited velocity in the career of “cheap and nasty, “universal shoddy, and devil’s dust cunningly varnished over, “and presented in all places invitingly cheap, free trade with the “devil in the belly of it.” And he takes this instance:—

One small example only! London bricks are reduced to dry clay again in the course of sixty years, or sooner. Bricks, burn them rightly, build them faithfully, with mortar faithfully tempered, they will stand, I believe, barring earthquakes and cannons, for 6,000 years if you like! Etruscan Pottery (*baked clay*, but rightly baked) is some 3,000 years of age, and still fresh as an infant. Nothing I know of is more lasting than a well-made brick,—we have them here, at the head of this garden (wall once of a Manor Park), which are in their third or fourth century (Henry Eighth’s time, I was told), and still perfect in every particular.

Truly the state of London houses and London house-building, at this time, who shall express how detestable it is, how frightful! For there lies in it not the Physical mischief only, but the Moral too, which is far more. I have often sadly thought of this. That a fresh human soul should be born in such a place; born in the midst of a concrete mendacity; taught at every moment not to abhor a lie, but to think a lie all proper, the fixed custom and general law of man, and to twine its young affections round that sort of thing! England needs to be rebuilt once every seventy years. Build it once rightly, the expense will be say fifty per cent. more; but it will stand till the day of judgment. Every seventy years we shall save the expense of building all England over again! Say nine-tenths of the expense, say three-fourths of it (allowing for the changes necessary or permissible in the change of things): and in rigorous arithmetic, such is the saving possible to you; lying under your nose there; soliciting you to pick it up,—by the mere

act of behaving like sons of Adam, not like scandalous esurient Phantasms and sons of Bel and the Dragon.

Here is a thrift of money, if you want money! The money-saving would (you can compute in what short time) pay your National Debt for you, bridge the ocean for you; wipe away your smoky nuisances, your muddy ditto, your miscellaneous ditto, and make the face of England clean again;—and all this I reckon as mere zero in comparison with the accompanying improvement to your poor souls,—now dead in trespasses and sins, drowned in beer-butts, wine-butts, in gluttonies, slaveries, quackeries, but recalled then to blessed life again, and the sight of Heaven and Earth instead of Payday, and Meux and Co's Entire. Oh, my bewildered Brothers, what foul infernal Circe has come 'over you, and changed you from men once really rather noble of their kind, into beavers, into hogs and asses, and beasts of the field or the slum! I declare I had rather die.

One hears sometimes of religious controversies running very high, about faith, works, grace, prevenient grace, the Arches Court and *Essays and Reviews*;—into none of which do I enter, or concern myself with your entering. One thing I will remind you of, That the essence and outcome of all religions, creeds, and liturgies whatsoever is, to do one's work in a faithful manner. Unhappy caitiff, what to you is the use of orthodoxy, if with every stroke of your hammer you are breaking all the Ten Commandments,—operating upon Devil's dust, and endeavouring to reap where you have not sown?

Such is the temper and spirit of this extraordinary piece. We are not surprised that it has not pleased its readers in general. As to our Reform Bill, it seems to him only a truly ominous affair somewhat resembling that bet of the Irish carpenter, astride of his plank firmly stuck out of window in the sixth story, "Two to one I can saw this plank in so many minutes"—and sawing accordingly, fiercely impetuous, wins success. Government, by blindman's-buff, was never a faith with our writer. Satire upon this meets us in some of the first pages of his *French Revolution*, and it is reiterated here. Nay, this seems to him only the calling in of new supplies of "block-headism, gullibility, bribeability, amenability to beer and balderbash by way of amending the woes we have had already from our previous supplies of that bad article," and he thinks in a limited time, "say fifty years hence, likely to bring about such a pleasant end, as that the Church, all churches, and so-called religious Christian religion itself shall have deliqued into liberty of conscience, progress of opinion, progress of intellect, philanthropic movement, and other aqueous residues, and of a vapid, badly-scented character, and shall, like water spilt upon the ground, trouble nobody considerably henceforth, but evaporate at its leisure." Upon some points, severe as is Mr. Carlyle's language, we yet suppose there are multitudes



who will, in the main, perhaps, agree with him, and yet, perhaps, these are the matters upon which we should be most likely to venture to have an independent opinion. The nigger seems to us far away from being so irremediable a beast as to Mr. Carlyle—"a poor blockhead with good dispositions, with a turn for "nigger melodies, and the like"—and without any disposition to enter into, especially to espouse, extreme opinions just now, we assuredly cannot twine a laurel wreath for Ex-Governor Eyre, although we should not like to pass muster as merely "rabid nigger philanthropists," nor can we sum up the question of the American War exactly in the same rapid way in which Mr. Carlyle has disposed of it; no, his generalisations are very rapid, vehement, and bold, and we think he says nothing which has not a strong force at the back of it. The chief objection, however, coming to this, that while throughout his paper, and especially at its close, he proclaims the absolute and indispensable necessity of drill or organization as the one want of society in this day—a want, on account of which all our colonies are weltering and likely to welter still more in hopeless chaos, and which through the action of the new Reform Bill seems still more likely than ever to embarrass the movements of our modern society—it will not therefore follow that Mr. Carlyle is really indisposed to do honour to truest and highest spiritual influences. His homage to the aristocracy, we fear, cannot be deserved nearly to the extent to which he gives it. Common-sense asks, What have we to thank it for in our day in comparison with the great merchant princes of our time, in whose ranks we have still to look for the nobles of the De Medici and the Artaveldt order. On the other hand, if he seeks to limit political power to the deserving, it is no answer to inquire with a sneer, as one of his critics does, "Was it then an "aristocracy which established the Christian faith, or purified it "when it had rotted, and believes it now?" The Christian religion has been established and purified instrumentally by poor men, perhaps it does not therefore follow that we should look with much complacency upon the surrender of political privileges and responsibilities to men who would have no objection to join the "Sheffield Assassination Company (limited)", or to look, possibly, upon Broadhead and his very eminent compeers as the worthy representatives and holders of political principles and rights. Our object, however, has been rather to call attention to, and to show the extraordinary quality of this last truly amazing Latter-day pamphlet of Mr. Carlyle, than to seek to controvert its views; for the greater part it contains a body of vehemently expressed truth, said, as Mr. Carlyle alone of all men is able to say it.

## V.

## SCIENCE OF BENEVOLENCE.\*

A FEW days since the country learnt, principally through the reports of discussions in the House of Commons, that a young married woman, near her confinement, had been sentenced by one Colonel Peard to twenty-one days' imprisonment, because she was found in the park, wood, or coppice, of Sir C. Rashleigh. It does not seem that she was injuring, or that she was attempting to injure anything; this was not alleged against her, she was simply found in the walk, most likely shortening some journey, and she suffers twenty-one days' imprisonment. We do not hesitate to speak of this as an outrage upon the morality, humanity and civilisation of the British nation. The British nation, however, takes all outrages of this kind very quietly, they are only committed on the poor and helpless, and they are not of much account among us. For ourselves we read the account of the transaction with something like horror, in the recollection of a narrow escape ourselves, only within the last few weeks, when in our ignorance we were found trespassing in one of the most magnificent parks we ever trod, we were upon our way in search of a grand old castle standing in this park, one of the noblest and most commanding of ruins, celebrated in the verse of John Dyer, but we were taken into custody by a keeper, who told us that it used to be open once but the new lord had "shut up" "all that," and admitted no one who did not go up to the hall for the key; we were guilty ourselves of trespass, but there was more mercy in our case than for the poor woman near her confinement, and so we escaped our twenty-one days. Little circumstances like these emerging to light, from time to time, lead us to doubt whether we are a civilised people, certainly whether we have a civilized magistracy, and we are glad to see the *Spectator* suggests, in reciting the circumstances, the same grave doubts. The inference we derived from the circumstance ourselves was the very old one, that for the most part the rich, and especially those of the order of Sir C. Rashleigh and Colonel Peard, are willing enough to take possession of all their rights over the poor, while

\* *Social Duties, Considered with Reference to the Organisation of Effort in Works of Benevolence and Public Utility, by a Man of Business:* Macmillan and Co.

they, with a cheerful hilarity, ignore and forget all their duties towards them. We wish someone would compile a collection of the crimes of magistrates during the last few years, we believe it would be found to be something quite amazing. The point of this little circumstance in connection with Mr. Rathbone's little book is, that it illustrates that process of "social disintegration" which is rapidly going on throughout the country; this is the designation of the first chapter of the little volume. Our fears with reference to the matter go further than the author's, he says, "the assertion that while the rich are growing richer, the poor are growing poorer, is certainly, at least as far as regards the present century, untrue," we on the contrary, fear that it is very true. A number of those benefits which modern civilisation and the results of machinery have been supposed to confer on the labouring classes, will be found to be on the whole fictions. Wages are higher, but what are rents? clothes are cheaper, but how about their durability? Meantime a wall of separation has risen between the rich and poor of impenetrable thickness and unscalable height; everywhere the doctrine is held, but especially between the rich and the poorer classes of society, of a money relationship between men and men, what Thomas Carlyle calls the "Gospel of Mammonism" is proclaimed; the payment of wages releases from all further responsibilities of sympathy or interest—and the very doctrine is destructive, and where its wretched selfishness is believed and maintained, and to the extent to which it is believed and maintained, society falls apart and into pieces. Are we civilised, or have we not rather reared an immense and splendid Babel of selfishness, and given to it that other better and more sonorous epithet. Again we say, how numerous are the instances in which men have taken possession of rights sometimes very questionable, parchment rights, which are not always consistent with the principles of eternal justice, while they have quite forgotten duties—the very history of the Poor Laws is a marvellous illustration and case in point, at the time of the Reformation those immense lands, fields, and farms, which had been set apart by the Church to the maintenance of the poor, became the spoil of state, and lay impropriation, and the consequence is that at the present day we groan beneath the weight of poor-rates still altogether inadequate to the immense pauperism of our country, while pressing most fearfully and heavily upon those least able to endure the burden. In the affair of the poor, the Church of England, and we only speak of it in its political relations, has most criminally taken possession of its properties, while it cancels the great duties or claims which were formally entailed upon the possession of the



property ; the operation of the poor laws themselves is horribly and enormously unjust ; by law we proclaim it, that to be poor is to be criminal. Mr. Rathbone says "There is one office, the "care of preventing starvation, which Government has taken "altogether out of private hands," but *it does not* prevent starvation, a catalogue might be compiled every year of numbers of persons who die of starvation ; helpless and hopeless, the zigzag course of the poor law, its injustice and barbarity, affords no relief. On another page Mr. Rathbone, in striking and impressive words, which we are glad to quote and give currency to, says:—

The State undertakes to provide for all who cannot provide for themselves. And how does the undertaking prosper ? Are the deserving poor cared for ? Do they really find a shelter in the workhouse from the extremity of cold and hunger ? Is it true that no one dies of want ; that widows and orphans, aged and helpless persons, disabled labourers, find a suitable provision for their needs ? Alas, we know that the workhouse meets—perhaps can meet—but one of its purposes. It does succeed in being a place of penal relief for the want which is the result of vice and idleness. It does succeed in deterring those who can support themselves from applying for parish support ; it does diminish pauperism, it has effectually checked the rapid progress of demoralisation and ruin under the old Poor-law of Elizabeth. But as a system of public charity it fails altogether. It is beyond the omnipotence of Parliament to meet the conflicting claims of justice to the community, severity to the idle and vicious, and mercy to those stricken down into penury by the visitation of God. Workhouse masters in large towns report that there are no able-bodied women in the house who are not of tainted character ; that the immense majority of the inmates are little better than those who fill our gaols. Does this mean that there is no extreme want amongst the honest poor ; no starvation that is not the result of misdoing ; no widow in the prime of life who cannot sustain her children and herself by the labour of her hands ? Alas, no one can take up a file of the *Times*, though but for a single week, and retain this pleasant delusion ! There is grinding want among the honest poor, there is starvation, squalor, misery beyond description ; children lack food, and mothers work their eyes dim and their bodies thin to emaciation in the vain attempt to find the bare necessities of life, but the Poor-law authorities have no record of these struggles. Rather than come into contact with their hardness and suspicion—for which, be it repeated, they are not to blame, dealing as they do habitually with imposture, vice, and crime—rather than mingle with the degraded crew who live on enforced alms, rather than submit to be branded with the name pauper, defiled as it is with the associations cast around it by decayed prostitutes, unsuccessful thieves, professional beggars, and all the offscouring of a society corrupt as civilised, the honest poor will bear the pangs of hunger and cold, and almost see their children perish before their eyes. Is any further proof needed of the narrow limits within

which the organised machinery of charity can operate; of the amount of cruel suffering which still awaits relief; of the terrible inadequacy of that charity which has been so lauded by others and so vaunted by ourselves?

Any one who will walk the streets of a great town by night, and keep his eyes and ears open to its sounds and sights—who will enter the dwellings of the labouring classes, and of the class which lies between them and the actual thieves, beggars, and professed paupers who form the lowest grade in the social scale—who will ask how they live, and what provision they have made against a temporary access of misfortune, will need no further argument or illustration on this score. The state of our great towns, and especially of our seaports, is a scandal to our humanity, a blot on our civilisation, a bitter reproach to a nation which calls itself Christian.

In the light of all this political economy tells us that almsgiving, the relief of the beggar by the wayside, the easiest form of apparent charity, is a vice; for a long time we have not dared always to think so, with views exactly like those which we have quoted above from Mr. Rathbone, and with the ability to verify the testimony he gives from the facts of our own experience of the utter and horrible inefficiency of the poor law administration, we dare not always refuse to listen to the appeals made by poor wandering strangers, when we have seen late at night outside every London workhouse huddled together—multitudes of wretched creatures, and the great board *Full* glaring out its ghastly uncharitableness over their heads; when we know how unions dexterously attempt to release themselves from their responsibilities, how can we deal with the poor after the iron fashion, and the adamant prescription of the political economist, however we may seek to limit benevolence to the very old or the physically incapable. All these remarks suggest questions of the gravest interest and importance while they abundantly illustrate that social disintegration of which Mr. Rathbone speaks. Our wealth as a nation is great, but is it not also ominous, is it not reckless, is it not hard-hearted? Is it true, as Mr. Rathbone says, “that it is creating two separate castes, two distinct races, with separate organisations, ideas, and interests, the sure forerunner, the first commencement, of rapid national decay?” He says:—

Setting aside the few persons actually and personally engaged in benevolent labours (of whom more hereafter), men and women even of moderate means, in our large towns, lead a life altogether apart from that of the poor. How many of them ever speak to a working man or woman except in the way of business? How many .them have any

personal relations with persons of that class ; any acquaintance with individuals in whom they take an interest, for whose welfare they care, who might not be sick, starve, or die without their knowing it ? What does the large manufacturer know of the vast majority of his hands outside of the factory ? Has he ever seen them in their homes ? Would he know them if he met them in the street ? What does the shipowner or merchant know of the men who sail or unload his ship, or carry his goods to the warehouse ? They are engaged for the job, by his captain or warehouseman, at the shipping-office or the street corner ; they are unknown to him by sight or by name. So far as our towns are concerned, the cases are few and exceptional in which there is any personal tie between rich and poor—any recognition on either side of a connection that does not end with working hours, or of any individual claim on an individual for anything besides fair wages and honest work.

This alteration is not, apparently, due to wilful estrangement on the part of the rich ; still less to any fault on the side of the poor. But, even though no one be wilfully in fault, it is painful to contrast this state of things,—the fruit though it be of advancing civilisation, increasing wealth, and better industrial organisation,—with what old men now living can well remember to have witnessed, in the service of a kindly or well-principled master. The father of the present manufacturer often knew every one of the hundred or two of hands whom he employed. They lived in their employer's cottages, close to his house and mill, within reach of the daily visits of his family. If one of them were sick or had a sick wife or child, his wife and children visited the cottage, and the master could give what aid was necessary. He would speak to them by name, ask after their families, and commend the progress of their children at the school, at which his own children taught. The merchant had but few men, and they were constantly in his service, and did all his work. It took some weeks to unload by their aid a vessel of 200 or 300 tons. Now, the ship of 1,500 tons is discharged in a week, under the direction of the Dock Company or of a contractor, by a large gang of men, who then go elsewhere ; and for the next job a new gang is engaged. Cotton is handled by cotton-porters, corn by corn-porters. The old-time merchant used at Christmas to assemble his men and give to each of them a piece of beef proportioned to the wants of the family, a loaf, and a shilling to buy beer, with a shake of the hand from the senior partner, and "A Merry Christmas to you, Williams ; I hope your good wife is stronger," which were the expressions of real interest, and the natural acknowledgment of a tie felt by both parties. His sons may keep up the distribution of beef, bread and beer ; but the personal character of the kindness has disappeared ; the Christmas gathering and greeting can no longer be a reality when the men are not known by sight to any partner in the firm. Not even the warehouseman, not even a clerk, has that personal knowledge of the men employed, which the head of the firm once possessed as a matter of course. Even where the master is most disposed to recognise his duty, and the men might be most confident of his kindness, he may be (has been) horror-struck to find that a man, who has been employed by him for years, has been ab-



sent from his work for weeks, and is actually reduced by illness to a choice between the workhouse and starvation, while his employer is in utter ignorance of his circumstances.

Meantime we have our charities, their voluntary character has attracted much of the admiration of foreigners, but in truth we could make them the subjects of our Jeremiads too, they are inefficient, and altogether incomplete, and Mr. Rathbone mentions the startling fact that while during the last twenty years our national income has increased about seventy-five per cent., the ratio in proportion of our charities is actually smaller than it was before! Such are some of the truly terrific facts which are brought before us in this most earnest little book; its author is one of a race whose name is venerable in Liverpool in connexion with all benevolent enterprise, his volume therefore, in addition to its personal merits has this strong additional claim, and what are the methods he sets before us? We, for our part, despair of any; good men and good women must, from love to the Saviour and the race He came to save, do their best, but we despair of anything, any plan that can overtake the immense evils to which we have referred. Our eyes have been fascinated by the charming bureaucracy of the Continent; and truth to say, the spectacle of overwhelming miseries may well plead our apology if we are disposed to relinquish some portion of our own freedom, in order that our streets may be less thronged by the hungry, the sick, the destitute, the dying, and the criminal. Our chiefest reason against this absorption of benevolence into law, after some of the many fashions indicated in Mr Blanchard Jerrold's *Children of Lutetia*, and which do not seem to work badly in the French capital, is not so much that they would pauperise the people—for we are speaking of those crushed down and pauperised already, multitudes in whom the last ray of self-respect is blotted out—but in this country it would turn infallibly into political jobbery and huckstering, and be used in the interests of the aristocratic caste of Church and State; yet the sphere of government in these matters is, we think, open to wide discussion, and especially in the presence of our social inefficiency, there are those who are at work attempting a little to alleviate our immense social wretchedness, and if individualism could fall into a wise organisation and method of co-operation it might do much—consecrated individualism, consecrated enthusiasm; and of course such we have in our midst, and manifesting itself in many ways, Mr. Rathbone cites some admirable instances, and the history of the society incorporated in Liverpool is certainly encouraging. We are certain that even

if government assisted in the great work, it must not be by mercenary assistance, it must be greatly voluntary and unbought to be blest. Mr. Rathbone fears that his hopes will be regarded by many as too sanguine, we think so too, but we are quite certain that he is clearly right when he builds his hopes on voluntary exertion, not on paid effort, he says :

This would be a more serious, indeed a fatal error. Great, almost unlimited mismanagement fails to destroy a free nation whose units are *men*, but take away from those units the habits of free individual action, and sense of individual responsibility which belong to manhood, and national decay and death have begun, however beautiful may seem the order and system which organised action has substituted—however well for a time it may seem to work. “The nation is lost which trusts to mercenaries,” and we must on no account attempt to fight the battle against misery and evil with hired recruits. If we would have our work done with life, thought, and heart worthy of our human nature and responsibilities, we must with our money give of our own life, and thought, and heart to that work.

For ourselves, while we read and thought, we remembered what that great infidel, Thomas Carlyle, said now thirty years since, in words heavily denounced then, which we will quote as a not at all inappropriate commentary upon Mr. Rathbone's little book “Oh, it is frightful when a whole nation, as our fathers “used to say, has forgotten God, has remembered only mammon, “and what mammon leads to, and all human dues of reciprocity “ties had been fully changed into one great due of cash payment, “and man's duty to man reduces itself to handing him certain “metal coins, or covenant money wages, and then shoving him “out of doors; and man's duty to God becomes a cant, a doubt, a “dim inanity, a pleasure or virtue, or such like, and the thing a “man does infinitely fear, the real hell of a man, is that he does not “make money and advance himself. The huge tumultuous life of “society is galvanic, devil-ridden, too truly possessed by a devil, “for in short, mammon is not a god at all, but a devil, and “even a very despicable devil; follow the devil faithfully and “you are sure enough to go to the devil—whither else “can you go.” Strong words, but with the instance before us, we quoted at the head of this paper, and Mr. Rathbone's small, quiet, firm, mournful book, the words read very much like a prophecy.

The fact is, there is something in our body politic which prevents things from working well, heaven only knows right well what it is, and can only help us in our delirious strait; there can be we think

little doubt that we are in an utterly perplexed and helpless condition; we are as jealous ourselves as any strongly enthusiastic anti-centralisationist could be of government interferences and municipal superintendence; for government in this country does very little well, perhaps it more truly may be said never to have done anything well. We are cheated by a wild delirious dream of freedom, which is really no freedom, and meantime, while the highly respectable man boasts that the Queen cannot cross his threshold, and pours out his rhodomontade at parish vestries, and other such pleasant places; the common sewerage of vice, crime, and unrighteously-created and organised poverty reeks up on every hand. Truly our administration of things in England is grimly ludicrous; with everything around us provoking to national despair, we can think that justice, cleanliness, social sin festering into huge ulcers in every even small town, is an affair with which we have very little to do, as if fever could be in the air where we live, and the match near the powder in our room, and we dance our pleasant waltzes, and sing our sentimental songs, and talk our platitudes about over-ruling Providences, and greatest benefits to the greatest number, and the sad marriage of sin and sorrow in this world, &c. &c., it sometimes seems to us that we are the most cruel, heartless, and wicked people under heaven. The most enormous wrongs exist by our system of government on every side. Men and women and children welter in starvation, crime, and despair, but it is certain we should not allow a little finger of ours to be touched, even would it relieve a nation from its wrongs; not, as we believe, that any considerable measure of State interference could or would save us. It seems to us that we have altogether lost—if we ever possessed—the receipt for this, some things look blankly absurd. Greenwich Hospital is a noble institution, plenty of defect in administration no doubt, we may take that for granted without any knowledge; but it throws open its gates to the hard-worn and wounded sailor; the sailor, in accepting the bounty of Greenwich Hospital, does not find his character impeached, he submits to no indignity, what he receives he receives as a matter of right, he has been wounded, or his life has been jeopardised upon many seas, he has served and not been too well paid, he only clearly receives that to which he has a right, there is no pauperism in the transaction, how different in the administration of the poor laws; what do we read, even while this very paper is going through the press? Bethnal Green turns up again, an old man, seventy-four years of age pauper, is set to work with two others of eighty years of age, the poor pauper of seventy-four is only just out of the infirmary, the three of them get wet through, having only one workhouse suit, they stand round the engine-room fire, naked, till their clothes are dried; the poor seventy-four years old pauper sinks under it and dies. Yet these poor and wretched old men had very likely paid



their poor rates for years, even as the sailor pays his shilling to Greenwich Hospital, their refuge was their right, but it is the crime of this country, that it is pitiless, it has no tenderness or justice for the very old, for children, or for women. And these things go on, and the nation is rent from end to end, with intensely interesting chatter about reform bills, and other such dreary and hopeless embroglios of speech, while poor law governors, and overseers, and guardians, drive on their reckless way; and age is crushed, insulted, and starved, a like circumstance to that we have just recited of Bethnal Green occurred in Sussex where an old man of eighty-three was set to work. What a great nation ours is, what a brave high-spirited nation, that it cannot afford a little dole of wheat, to sustain a poor old parched life, or a blanket, or a mattress for a poor old fellow to die on, without receiving its uttermost farthing! and very likely its uttermost farthing had been many times paid; well, with all our prejudices against Frenchmen and their ways, we confess, to our thinking, that they order these things better in France. We know the talk which instantly arises upon the mere breath of such a comparison, we hear of communism, socialism, also of the pauperising of the free-born Briton, dangers of centralisation in the hands of government, and so on; mean time, what are the facts around us? We know that charity fruitlessly administered breeds and perpetuates mendicity; meantime, what is competition doing? Children three years old tied to the bench, and performing in the dull dark hours of night, when their tender young limbs ought to be resting, tasks of toil; perhaps there is scarcely a lucifer match struck which is not associated with some of these horrible enormities of our precious civilization; the stream of well-to-do population flows on and does not care much for the poor; in some graceful, sentimental sort of way many care if it should come into its neighbourhood. Otherwise, it is exceedingly mindless; it may, indeed, occasionally go out of its way to give a tract, or even to read a lecture, but is usually profoundly ignorant usually of the needs which lie at its very doors. Socialism? well, we are far away from any of the absurd dreams of Fourierism, Owenism, Mormonism, or any other of those *diablerie* which at once put a padlock on human freedom, and nourish the mendicity and mendacity of the spirit; but there is a sense in which we are only safe when we espouse and act upon some principles which may even be called socialism. Living together implies responsibilities and concessions—involves more than the mere paying for the poor little bit of labour which happens to be done for us, involves this, not merely in an ethical and celestial kind of way, but really and actually involves as much the attempt to keep poverty, and destitution, and crimes, down at the minimum, as it involves good

sewerage, drainage, the supply of water, and the lighting of the town. We are unable to understand the difference, and perhaps the Poor Law itself is a concession of considerable importance, could it only be brought to work. In Paris it is delightfully astonishing to notice what is done for the poor, the old, and the deserted. We have stood upon our nationality with wondrous tenacity. Suppose some of our good men of wealth, like Mr. Rathbone, were to imagine it possible, that some things in France, perhaps in other countries too, had the stamp of common sense upon them, that it was just possible that our loud wrangling, incessantly and interminably-talking municipalities, were not necessarily and essentially the encyclopædias of all attainable wisdom. It seems that money may be procured in England to an almost boundless extent; but the method, purpose and plan, these are wanted. Blanchard Jerrold says, "Our London charity directors would be astonished to see how much good is done in Paris with a little money." We take this to be exactly the reverse of our own case; we contrive to do very little good with a great deal of money, for the reason we have assigned, that money is scattered as purposelessly as profusely. Paris seems to abound in a wonderful variety of mutual helps. Can nothing be done with us in some measure systematically to meet and overtake our crying national destitution? They have no poor laws in Paris, or in France, we frequently hear. What an illustration, then, of the manner in which, through all its arrondissements, the Government is able to call every activity into exercise. Mr. Jerrold refers to this:—

Still the reply of most Englishmen, when the excellence of some of the charities of Paris is explained to them, may be summed up in a few words—"Ay, sir, but they have no Poor-law." I grant that they have no poor-laws framed on our model; but he who says that there is no poor-law in Paris, for instance, speaks in his ignorance. Is not every public amusement taxed for the poor? and are not the markets, as I have shown, compelled to yield something of their profits for the necessitous? In twenty different ways, laws, and customs which are as strong as laws, tax all classes of the well-to-do for the benefit of the poor. Every Bureau of Benevolence has its own particular plan for laying its population under contribution. Even from the ration of the soldier there is a spoonful for the hungry. No poor-law in France! In Paris, at least, I know there are a hundred poor-laws; many of them, I can vouch for it, being most excellent, because least felt by those who are just removed beyond the operations of charity. Every man, woman, and child is directly appealed to on behalf of the poor. No citizen can shut his purse and say, "I have paid my poor-rates, and if there be suffering about, let it to the workhouse." Here the

poor are incessantly talked about; and any number of people can be at once enlisted in their service, as the lists of the Bureaus of Benevolence, or those of M. Knœpflin's "Annual of Charity," would convince the most sceptical reader. Every holiday is an occasion for doing something in favour of the ragged. Their good is included in every rejoicing. A rich harvest is reaped for them at the opening of the New Year, all classes of citizens contributing according to their means; the rich Pereires sending their 60,000lb. of bread to the Bureaus of Benevolence, and the less favoured of fortune their loaf.

And what an institution is that of La Salpêtrière; its total income for 1861 £79,479. For this sum 3,899 poor women, 2,426 lunatics, were maintained as follows:—

The inmates have three meals a day. In the first place they have a ration of bread, and a moderate quantity of good wine. Then between seven and eight o'clock milk is distributed to them, to which most of them add coffee. Between eleven o'clock and noon they receive meat soup, with boiled beef, or something in lieu thereof. And, lastly, between four and five o'clock, a dish of vegetables and some kind of dessert—rations that must be amply sufficient to satisfy the hunger of women far on in years. On Wednesdays and Sundays the inmates are allowed to go where they please, from six in the morning to nine o'clock at night; and on Thursdays and Sundays they may receive visitors, from half-past twelve until four o'clock.

And the cost for each inmate maintained thus is within a fraction of a shilling a-day. Surely this is a receipt which may well set us thinking, in fact it illustrates the science of benevolence. As we seem to illustrate by our rival philanthropies and huge and costly committees, the random and almost useless exercise of efforts well meant, but failing in every important result. Then we learn that in Paris there are fine efforts for the help of those who are not the abject, but the striving, hopeful poor. The Prince Imperial's Loan Society is a fine illustration of this. We must not be content merely to refer to it in our own language again. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold shall be our guide, only we may premise that this country of ours seems to be pretty much given over to usurers, what chance has a poor striving man, who is either in difficulties from which he hopes by hard diligence to emerge, or who wishes to stretch his bold arms against wind and wave for a venture, why for every help he obtains he must give ten per cent., perhaps more. The Prince Imperial's Loan Society works differently, it is no tyranny of ruthless commercial money lenders. The poor man in England so unfortunate as to commence a correspondence with a loan



society, has placed himself in the pathway of ruin. Not so in Paris; there are usurers there, of course, but the authorities have attacked the principle, and they simply put faith in the man who shows that he has some right to be trusted; they place him under no security, they trust him, and help him. Mr. Jerrold says:—

Encouraged by the success of the Prince Imperial's Loan Society, why should not some few of the powerful philanthropists who are among the glories of England combine to rescue by timely aid, on honourable terms, London working men who are on the brink of ruin? If a society like that which bears the young French prince's name be necessary, as it unquestionably is, in Paris; the necessity for such a society may be easily proved to be far more urgent in London; where there is a petty loan society, combined with the beer tippling, of nearly every tap-room. There are many astute commercial men who will laugh at the idea of a loan society that parts with money on the simple good faith of poor working men; and that not only demands no market security for them, but will take none. The society proclaims that it is content with a poor man's word that he will return the loan granted to him; provided he can obtain two friends who have known him some little time, and who will just state that he is an honourable man in his dealings. This strange loan society will not permit the two friends of the borrower to make themselves liable for him, should he prove a defaulter. The honour of three poor working men is their security, and they are content with it, and will lend to the extent of twenty pounds upon it. Should the borrower fail—should his word prove no stronger than a rope of sand, they will pursue neither him nor the witnesses to his honesty, with the strong arm of the law; they will leave them to their own conscience, and to the judgment of their fellow-men. I repeat, many an astute commercial man will laugh at such a loan society, or sneer at it as a paragraph from a newly-constituted Utopia. I can only assure him that such a society is now at work in Paris; that is under the control of men who have not the least gleam of an idea that they will end their days at Charenton; and, moreover, and lastly, that the poor borrowers who had deposited only workmen's honour as security, have redeemed their pledge to the centime, as the report for 1863 sets forth in sober black and white.

And are not these hints, hopeless as we fear at present they may be from the utterly distracted state of our country and its interminable divisions of sentiment, are they not yet worthy of being profoundly pondered by all who desire to see the rights of poverty and ignorance vindicated, and who would meet the occasion, not after some abstract and dreamy fashion, but in the recollection that men and women are starving and destitute, and children growing up by millions to be the future inheritors

of the prison, the hulks, and the lash, is it a time to dream? Is it not rather a time to do? Are there not some things which, with a firm and resolute hand, philanthropists may do, beside emptily vapouring and essay reading at social congresses, or splitting themselves into little factions in which nothing is done nor much attempted, and does not the condition of London and all our great towns, and even our villages, cry aloud, "What thou doest do quickly"?

## VI.

## OUR BOOK CLUB.

THE author of *The Great Possession; A Contribution towards the Knowledge and Education of the Soul*, by Richard Bell: 66, Paternoster-row,—has brought together in a small space a great variety of exceedingly valuable thought, suggestion, and information, originally delivered in the form of lectures on the human soul. The author does not tell us where, or under what circumstances, but we learn that the late eminent Sir Benjamin Brodie thought so highly of them, that he suggested and urged their publication: this forms a very high commendation, for he was not only a very eminent physician, but was well acquainted with those studies and topics to the discussion of which this book is devoted. The title we cannot but regard as very unfortunate, it gives no idea of the great matter of the volume, in fact, it is one of the most interesting, and readable, and well-informed little manuals concerning the independent existence, the nature and life of our spiritual being, with which we are acquainted; we have not met with any new views or new solutions in its pages, but the author has gathered together, and disposed into order and harmony, a great deal of reading and knowledge, and has set forth his materials in language very pleasant to read, and which never labours beneath the burden of technical difficulties. It is evidently rather what we expect a book to be for the lecture room, than the study; popular, clear, and level to that intelligence which does not desire to sink into the deep places of inquiry, or has not time, to travel through the interminable range of conflicting opinions.

WE have passed through many papers, entitled *Out of Harness: Sketches Narrative and Descriptive*. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. (Alexander Strahan), and with great pleasure; Dr. Guthrie has always seemed to us rather a preacher than a writer, but of his many volumes, this is the one which has least of the stamp of the preacher upon it. They must be bold critics who can find themselves at liberty to exercise their freaks of penmanship upon it, for it seems largely devoted to a review of those scenes of the "Cowgate of the Grassmarket," where the Doctor has won for himself such a crown of rejoicing in his self-denying labours among beggars and convicts. The same spirit which led him to those places guide also the description of the "Streets of Paris," and the "Edinburgh Original Ragged School," these are the chief papers of the volume, which seems to us to teem with interest. Chiefly as it is constituted greatly out of the recollections of a mighty and illustrious heart, brimful of the largest benevolence, a claim upon affection and regard incomparable beyond that of being one of our chief orators until laid aside from the exercise of speech, and compelled to live rather in memories than in deeds.

IT is scarcely possible to keep up with the many volumes of sermons which pour from the press and find their way to our study table, but we must not omit to call our readers' attention to those collected in *The Pastor's Note Book, or Preparation for the Pulpit*, by the late Rev. Benjamin Kent, of Lower Norwood, Surrey. (W. Kent and Co.) These notes, we learn, were never intended for, or thought of, in connection with publication. Mr. Kent was a Congregational Independent, but was scarcely known beyond his own congregation, he was one of those men for whom, it sometimes seems to us, Nonconformity has little appreciation; he was exceedingly quiet and peaceful, he was not a political Nonconformist, his views were not harsh and sharp, but broad and tender, he seems to have never to have been heard of among those innumerable committees and red-tape institutions, which ignore a man's individuality and existence if he does not bow down and worship them; in fact in himself he was a man, as these sermons bear abundant testimony, of a remarkable character with much fulness of thought, tenderness of nature, and considerable sweetness of expression. When he closed his ministry, after a course of labour extending over twenty-six years, his devoted and attached people chose another pastor within three weeks of his decease. The fact was always wonderful to us, it is still more wonderful after reading these notes—they are so far above the ordinary average of teaching, and preaching, their insight into texts and topics is so comprehensive, searching, and clear, they are so alive with profound and real, although perfectly unrhetical eloquence, that



we do not wonder much if their author was in his life a quiet, unappreciated man. There is an indisposition in congregations to turn up the soil of thought and experience ; how often we have to feel, that he who ministers most to the surface, and to superficial plausibilities is often supposed to be the most profound of teachers. Congregations often strike us as those, who, having heard our Lord's Parables, and having been interested in them, if by any chance they could have heard such a strain as that of his last discourse at the supper-table, would have taken exception to its want of plainness, to its remoteness, and its absence of illustration. Most congregations must, in the nature of things, be very ignorant, but it is unfortunate when ignorance arrogates to itself the power to dictate to a thoroughly furnished, thoughtful, and prayerful man of God, what shall be the measure of his spiritual attainments and teaching ? To turn back to these posthumous notes of Mr. Kent, they seem to us to be notes from the higher Christian life and thought ; never having had the pleasure to meet him, or hear him, we have reason to know that he was a scholar of no mean attainments, but rather in the depths, perhaps, than the breadth of his studies. His thought, as it unfolded itself in such sermons as those before us, seemed to strike upwards from soul-roots, rather than to come down upon him in suggestions from outward things. An illustration of this, is in the beautiful little piece before us, to which many natures will give a response, but which certainly need a cultivated, spiritual heart to follow it out, entitled : "Unconscious Knowledge," which is from a well known text, "Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know."

Our Lord here asserts of His disciples, that they know whither He goes and the way to it. Thomas replies that they know not whither He is going, and therefore do not know the way.

Again our Lord declares that they have known and seen the Father, but Philip replies by "Shew us the Father and it sufficeth us."

Thus our Lord declares them to have a knowledge of which they do not appear to be conscious, and to possess a secret which they disown with all simplicity. This is one of those universal facts which the New Testament history illustrates. Of all men it may be said that they do really and truly know many things of which they are, or seem to be, ignorant, till some discovery of themselves is made to themselves. We say to one who swears, you know it is wrong to take God's name in vain. Moreover, events in life seem to penetrate to a soil through many strata, and reveal a well of emotion which springs up unto life. It is certain that we are more than we think we are, and that moments of conviction are bestowed on all—moments of knowledge, of self-knowledge—when the most sensual and ignorant know that they are not all body, that their nature has a spiritual side, with its aspirations, hopes, and fears. Were any one to announce to us the moral facts and

conclusions of which we have had occasional glimpses, to press on us the views we have really taken of our destiny, we should probably disclaim the representation of our various moods when strongly made, and say, "I know not the man." Every one is, probably, better and worse than he knows. Peter did not know *that* Peter whom Christ described as about to deny his Lord. The Syrian chieftain started at himself as Elisha shewed him to himself. One touch, by a master hand, makes a great difference in the colouring. We see things, truths, persons in a certain light; an added ray, a stronger vision makes all new. The weakest person here knows, and yet knows not his muscular strength if taxed to its utmost. The finest susceptibility which any reader of poetry feels for the beautiful and tender, is very far below what he is capable of feeling under the influence of exciting circumstances, such as he has never yet had brought to bear on his emotional nature. We know not how much we know. An unworked mine of greater or less value is hid in every one. A Divine image more or less obscured, more or less consciously obscured, belongs to every human creature. And as it may be said of any one who passes an ordinary day in society, in nature, or among books, that he sees many things, observes many rare objects, hovering only on the brink of their infinite worth and excellence; not dead to them by any means, but needing one little hint or ray of light to make him hoard what he only a little prizes; so in the great world of eternal realities of the spirit, it is true that our knowledge, while it is greater than we think, needs the finger of the Master to point out decisively to us what we do really know, to discover to us the extent of our convictions and conclusions.

Thus it is easy to perceive how the confusion of mind in the disciples, in prospect of their loss, darkened their knowledge. What they really knew became uncertain in the night of trouble.

It happens to most, at certain crises of bewilderment, to be in sore doubt and distress on subjects which we think we have mastered. The mind is vexed with seeming contradictions. The certainty which every disciple of our Lord must have cherished, that His home could only be with the Father, was dashed with the strange announcement of coming suffering, and rejection, and death. The way to the cross they knew only through His repeated assurances. But they knew not by experience what they knew by information. They knew not what they knew.

They knew, as we know, that trial, discipline, is good for a man—that the way to life is through death; but they felt as we feel when the trial comes home, and the announcement of the end is real—as though some strange thing had happened.

The whole piece is full of those sweet inward helpful words, which, however, can only be appreciated by certain states of experience; we must quote one other passage.

How often passages which we have read come with new meanings and mighty emphasis when repeated by some one whom we love, by

one who understands them, and feels them deeper than ourselves! Let us go to the great Teacher who dwells with us, and ask Him, with all devout simplicity, to make us to "know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." Let us go to Him who can "do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us," and ask Him to make us know what these four words mean, "accepted in the Beloved;" these words which we know, but know not; that relation in the words which we have prized, but yet not prized; and He who gives above our asking and beyond our thought, will pour such meaning into the words for us, that we shall know what we know, that all service begins with sonship, begins with acceptance and free pardon, begins in the family, in the Beloved; that all true labour dates from the glad hour of reconciliation and forgiveness; that we now obey, and fight, and struggle, not to be forgiven, but because forgiven. Then we know as we ought to know all things. Then all things are ours.

We unconsciously deny our knowledge of what we know when God's great gift of immortality is neglected. Esau knew his birthright, yet knew it not. He despised it for a mess of pottage. How carelessly and idly do we walk, endowed with such a nature, with such possibilities in us, through this time-scene, which we nevertheless allow not to be the "be-all and the end-all!" How many disown themselves, as it were, declaring themselves to be what they are not, what, in cool reflection, they acknowledge they are not! That busy man who works out his little day of engagements and pleasures and profits, that is *not you*. That angry discontent with present advancement, that perpetual craving for a deeper draught of the cup of mammon or of Belial, that feverish thirst for station and family promotion—these might be all flung away. "It is the worsen part of the heart which you might throw away, and live the purer with the other half."

Do not disavow your lineage. Do not ignore the Divine image in you. Do not hide from your clear vision the side of your nature which neighbours on heaven and God. Rather ask for insight into the depths of which you now only guess. Ask to have that made real, of which you now only dream.

This reveals very much of the whole method, character, and quality of Mr. Kent's teaching, there is a subtle, pensive power pervading it, a faith in the profoundest and highest realities of things, an ability painfully to continue the search after Divine truth, steadily recognizing the light given, thankful for so much, resolved by faithfully following it to make it more; a faith like that which looks out of the following beautiful words, which, although forming a very lengthy extract, we are the less indisposed to quote, as the volume seems so comparatively unknown, for we have seen no advertisement of it, and only one brief notice.

This kingdom of God is to be preceded and ushered into the world by



prayer. No pomp of preparation, no clank of arms, no submission of foes by violence, no garment rolled in blood; no note of admiration and astonishment, as "Lo here! or lo there!" The God of nature will introduce the kingdom of love among men, with that same silent majesty which mark the growth and expansion of all His other works.

The trees of the forest rise up towards heaven; the innumerable tribes of the animal kingdom are produced and developed without noise or proclamation; amidst the sighing of the winds, and the falling of the shower, and the penetration of the atmosphere, nature's majestic creations rise in all their infinite diversities of material and sentient beauty. What ear can catch the falling of the dew? What eye can detect the opening of the bud? Yet, amidst all this silence, we feel that there is a universally-diffused Power which can work throughout the endless domains of the universe with ease and order—a Power of creative unity, which holds in its mighty embrace the least and the mightiest; the blade of grass and the cedar of Lebanon; the insect and the giant,—a power so wonderful in its unostentatious opulence of wisdom, as to wait to be investigated and questioned before it tells the history of an almost incredible lavishness and prodigality of resources. Who could suppose, till he had examined the objects, that this quiet Power had endowed creatures, or organs of creatures, with a strength which we should never have guessed to deserve such attention; should have "rendered the light feather of a bird stronger than gold, and the invisible sting of the bee harder than steel." It is the examination of nature in its variety and beauty, which leads us to believe that God is everywhere present.

When, at this refulgent season of the year, we contrast the glow and luxury of the face of Nature with the cold and sterile aspect of the earth which we beheld in winter, and think that this mighty and cheerful revolution came upon us insensibly, as much without our co-operation as our observation, we cannot but conclude that it is not without analogy that we should be taught to expect the introduction of another kingdom—the kingdom of God—as dawning on our world noiselessly and imperceptibly as the morning. Such a change would be in the manner of God. It is His way; it is His thought.

It is man, vain man, who parades his performances, now striking terror, now exciting pity. God is a Spirit, and works on the spirit which cannot be ruled or convinced by threat or show, but only by faithfulness and truth; and the general establishment of His kingdom in the world will resemble its establishment in the individual. Its deep foundation-stone is laid in a human heart by a kind reproof, by a solemn warning on the bed of affliction, by the opening grave, by a line from a book, by a word from the sanctuary. No eye sees the stroke that struck down for ever the despotism of Satan in that bosom; no ear heard the first "Lord, save me, I perish;" no one marked the hidden conflict, the agonising prayer, the heavenly calm, and gracious temper which followed the fixed resolve. Yet this is God's greatest work; this is His kingdom. It is brought in amidst prayer; it will be set up in the world whether we pray or do not pray; but not for us, not in us, unless we say from our hearts, "Thy kingdom come."

Who enjoy the kingdoms of nature? who inherit the earth? Not the selfish and prayerless, however rich, but the meek, who see God's wisdom and love in all the works of His hands. He inherits the earth who enjoys it. I have a deeper interest in that estate than its owner if it gives me pleasure, and gives him none; it is mine in a higher, truer, sense than it is his. It is the state of a man's mind which qualifies him to enjoy any one of God's kingdoms. What is the celestial kingdom of suns and stars to him whose eye is downward looking? Tell him that, in yonder space, "there are 1,000 stars seen by the naked eye, and each of them is the centre of a planetary system; that it has been computed that 100,000,000 might be seen by the telescope were they explored;" but his soul is not awakened to these stupendous and distant realities, and that celestial kingdom rings no peal of harmonies, no everlasting chime in his ears.

The world is what we make it. It is a market-place, or the portico of a temple, or a school where character is disciplined for eternity, or a sphere of government where the ground wears the stamp of God's footsteps to the observant eye; the world is either of these to us according to our culture, our knowledge, our life. A man comes before you, but his character is seen through your own. If you live without communion with the world of spirits, he comes to amuse or to profit; he is a drudge or a useful animal, or a machine for coining money or discovering pleasure. If you live in the fear of God, and in the habit of prayer, who is he now? He is an immortal, responsible agent, a spirit destined to infinite joy or sorrow; a creature fallen, but of large capacities. For him Christ died, the Bible was written, the Church was instituted, the minister sent.

What makes the difference in this human character? Prayer. The point of observation from which we survey objects is everything. Life, the soul, death, the Bible, society, change their colour and complexion to you as you take your stand to survey them. Look at them from this altar—it is the shrine of Mammon; here everything—man, company, trade, love—everything is weighed in scales, and its money-value nicely estimated. Or look at them all from this rising ground, this darkening scene, these rending rocks—it is Calvary, it is the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; Stand beneath that bleeding sacrifice, and now how looks successful guilt, and selfishness, and the fool making his mock at sin, and the rich man faring sumptuously every day, and the beggar at his gate? And what think you now of Herod, with his mighty men; of Pilate, with his terror and his policy; of the priests, with their "Away with Him! crucify Him!" Or now how looks the prodigal, saying, "I will arise and go to my Father"? or the publican breathing, "God be merciful to me a sinner"? All these objects, remember, were the same when beheld from the altar of mammon as from the cross of Christ. The change is in *you*, not in them.

So this kingdom of God is to you according to your point of observation. It is appreciated or neglected as you are wont to prize or to despise the spiritual world and spiritual influences. Do you think that the greatest thing in the world is a soul ruled by God? A soul receptive of influence to guide its convictions and to give conscience domi-

nion over the passions? Are you wont to think that falsehood, excess, enmity, impurity, ignorance—the curses which turn the earth into a wilderness—shall be weeded up as sure as there is a God in heaven; weeded up out of the soil of men's affections by the mighty power and all-subduing love of the gospel of His Son? Is it a bent of your mind, a resolute habit of thought, that you will not dishonour your Maker's purpose or character by suspecting that He could make this earth for a horde of guilty and unbridled passions to riot in; for war and cupidity, for envy, lust, and avarice; that it is no part of your creed that disease and the cry of the lazar-house are the natural state of mankind. No; they were brought in by evil, by malignant influences; brought into a world which its Maker pronounced to be "very good;" brought in by sin. But as God did not bring them in, He will rid the earth of them. Their sentence is already pronounced. The throne is set. Judgment is passed. Let them revel their appointed time. To your eye they are doomed; creation has groaned under their weight too long already, but the hour of its redemption is come; to your ear it is already striking; and "Behold, I make all things new; new heavens and a new earth."

"Belief is something towards its own realisation." Grotius in describing the success of the Batavians in breaking the Spanish yoke, says beautifully, "*credendo fecerunt.*" By believing they could do it, they did it. So he who prays, "Thy kingdom come," from his heart, hastens its coming, and sees it come. Whatever disorder, rapine, selfishness, he may see around in society, one thing he knows, that God has a kingdom; and that the overthrow of the kingdom of evil is rendered certain by that fact.

Let but this conviction gain ground—that on the confines of our daily walks, and in the hearts of some of us, there is a coming and triumphant kingdom of God. That evil cannot stand its ground. The earth was not made for it. All know what an omnipotent influence belongs to popular opinion. When after a long period of division or contempt, the idea slowly gets hold of the heart of a nation that such a party is in the right—that this measure ought to be carried—that the time has come for a change in some department of affairs—how surely does the execution of the idea follow! "Thy kingdom come." When Christian people can make the rest of society believe—not in this kingdom, but that they, *the Christians*, believe there actually is such a kingdom, the first step will be taken.

Deep, soul-deep convictions in those who believe a truth, are the first great arguments with those who believe not.

We trust that these lengthy extracts will dispose many to make a personal acquaintance with a volume all the pages of which are in the same vein of pure spiritual, elevating and invigorating thought.

**M**ANY of our readers will be glad to receive *The Family Pen, Memorials, Biographical and Literary, of the Taylor Family of Ongar. Edited by the Rev. Isaac Taylor, M.A., Two Volumes.*



(Jackson, Walford, and Hodder). We cannot but feel that the excellent and accomplished compiler of these two volumes has fallen in his task beneath his subject and himself, his subject seems to us as interesting as any author, and especially one personally related to it by family ties, and feelings, could have desired; he has not done his best for his ancestors, we should have thought that the idea of the *Family Pen* would have implied and contained some account of all the various wielders of it, their characters, modes of life, and the side lights falling upon their histories, also some various illustrations of its power, its different excellencies and energies; we cannot say that this is in any adequate sense the case. The first volume is chiefly taken up by a revised reprint of the memoir of Jane Taylor, written by her very eminent brother Isaac, we believe nearly fifty years since; the second volume is taken up by quotations, including the very long story "Display," also from the pen of Jane Taylor. Of the writings of Isaac, of whom it is no disparagement to the other members of the family to say that he was by far the most distinguished, we have but a slight account; no illustrations at all from his pen, and we are especially surprised, at no reference to that most remarkable, most vigorous, magnificent, and strikingly individual estimate of him from the pen of Sir James Stephen, which is really a remarkable novelty in literature, the imagination of the great writer and thinker reviewing the history of his mind from the world of spirits, or in an imaginary autobiographic manuscript Mr. Taylor's volumes have been to us chiefly tantalizing, there has been no hearty entrance into the spirit of his subject, and we know quite enough of his pen to be well aware that this arises from no lack of power. The subject seems to present some very delightful aspects; we were spending, the other day, some time in a village in Suffolk with an old lady now considerably above fourscore years, perhaps Jane Taylor's closest friend, with whom we believe, in some bright and cheerful days shining interfulgently between the penalties and pains of authorship, and other like cares, she set off for some period of recreation and enjoyment, when she received her first few pounds for literary labour; we believe the beautiful little volume, the *Original Hymns for Infant Minds*, we should have thought that the dreamy old life world of the Essex village would have been an interesting picture for Mr. Taylor to attempt to paint; Ongar and its wide remote fields, where the good old grandfather, Isaac, ministered, and poured out a quantity of volumes, we suppose eking out his small income as a Dissenting curate; his wife too, grandmother Taylor, was a considerable authoress, and our compiler has brought together the list of works from successive members of the family, quite renewing our regrets that he has not cited various illustrations from the many authors, that we might have been able to see the pen in all its most interesting moods. Jane Taylor's share in it is still well-remembered,

*The Contributions of Q. Q.*, we should think, is certainly good for some few generations yet. Some few of her pieces the author has cited in the second volume, but little that gives the ability to an estimate of her higher powers. Some of her poetry, to which Mr. Taylor makes no reference, had much of the strength, the vigour, and the clearness of Crabbe; many of her fancies were most happy, pleasing and instructive; pieces like the "Philosopher's Scales," and others, which we need not enumerate, showed an ability to blend fancy and usefulness in certainly a delightful manner together, while Mrs. Gilbert Anna Taylor was one of our most pleasing writers, especially for children.

But not to dwell at greater length on the claims of the certainly inferior members of the gifted family, Isaac Taylor, upon whose genius there is nothing approaching to disquisition, nor a single quotation illustrative of his peculiar power in the *Family Pen*; for the life of his sister Jane, and his little autobiographical sketch, reprinted from *Good Words*, although it seems to give the title to the volume, can scarcely receive that designation; Isaac Taylor was one of the most remarkable of our English essayists; his style frequently turgid, never pliant, yielding and flowing, and the subjects upon which he chose to write, alike precluded a very large popularity and acceptance; then there was an impression that he was a Dissenter, and as the *Saturday Review* sweetly remarked some time since "Dissenters never can write quite like gentlemen,"—the remark was made with reference to another great English essayist, John Foster, but perhaps, it represents a prevalent feeling in the national mind; if it existed in the case of Isaac Taylor, it was founded in mistake, he at any rate complied with the services of the Church of England, although all his relationships were Nonconforming. His subjects were rather interesting to the cultured few than the many, and his style both of thought and language, while open to the exceptions we have taken to it, had a suggestive gorgeousness and pomp, as of a royal train, not glaring in the brightness so much of a festive procession, as sombre and weighty, beneath overpowering emotions and cares. The two volumes before us ought to find plenty of readers, the reprint of Jane Taylor's tale, "Display," alone should secure a large audience. Our remarks upon the volumes are not intended to depreciate their personal interest, but only to express our surprise that, upon a subject so interesting to him personally, a man so able as the editor has not risen to the true height for it, so as to set up a permanent monument in literature to one of the most delightful and interesting families that ever adorned its annals.

WE have received a *Suggestive Commentary on St. Luke; With Critical and Homiletical Notes, on an Original Plan, by Rev. W. H. Van Doren. Vol. II.* (R. D. Dickinson). We need only repeat the

strong expressions of commendation we wrote with reference to the first volume of this most comprehensive, truly suggestive, we had almost written the word exhaustive, commentary; we trust that its circulation will abundantly satisfy Mr. Dickinson, and justify the reprint. And that other portions of Scripture conceived and executed in the same manner and with the same ability will follow.

ALSO a truly exhaustive little book from that side of the doctrine which it discusses is *Short Arguments about the Millennium; Plain Proofs for Plain Christians, that the Coming of Christ will not be Premillennial: that His Reign on Earth will not be Personal. With an Essay on the Bearing of Prophecy on the Present Time, and the relation of the Papacy to Prophecy. A Book for the Times.* By Benjamin Charles Young. Elliot Stock. The pious author has read piles of books upon the subject of which he treats, he deals with the question which agitates many minds, soberly, and we can cordially recommend the volume to any readers who are honestly desirous of looking attentively on either side of the vexed question.

WE ought not to lay aside with a brief notice such a little volume as *Man's Renewal, or the Work of the Holy Spirit.* By Austin Phelps. (Alexander Strahan). There are pages in it from which we are compelled entirely from our point of view to dissent, there are passages the doctrine of which would be a despair to us; but it is a thoroughly thoughtful, and well-wrought-out little volume: the author goes down to the roots of his subject, so far as what we must call his theory permits him; the book is searching, and agreeing with, or dissenting from it, we should be glad that every person interested in the work of dealing with men's souls to read. Its doctrines are too cold, too philosophical—we would even use the term although its useful author writes from the orthodox stand-point, rationalistic—to harmonize with our temperament, our experience, or the frame-work of our peculiar theology; we cannot but think the author contradicts himself in the division of his first chapter, which he entitles, "Conversion not a Mystical Change," but is it not a fact, as unaccountable as it is evident? When again he says from "passionate prayer, the soul, by a necessity of its nature, must sink back into apathy," does he not lay down by a no means clear, but dangerous, law, is it true in fact? Is there not a violent prayer in human experience which wins its end, and takes the kingdom of heaven by force? And when he says "The world has been very slow in learning that miracles are not the grandest disclosures of Omnipotence," does he not state a great fact in such a manner as to depreciate the miraculous character of that great change which takes place in the life when the human will harmonizes with the Divine in



its history, and becomes the subject of what we call conversion, in a word. Our objection to this very valuable little book is, that while it replies to those sensational appeals which, no doubt, are to be deplored and often condemned, it narrows the Divine renewal in man to the cold laws of mere philosophical thought; but we have been deeply interested in the book; and it is impossible for thoughtful natures to read it without interest. It is a treatise on the philosophy of conversion, but we fear, if it were adopted as the gauge of religious teaching, conversions could only be possible with the very thoughtful, cultured, and almost unemotional, people. How would the experiences of men like Luther, and Bunyan, or even Howe and Flavel, fit into the framework of a theory like this?

WE are very glad to receive in Clark's Foreign Theological Library, a *Biblical Commentary on the Prophecies of Isaiah*. By Frank Delitzsch, D.D., translated by Rev. James Martin, B. A., Vol. I. (T. and T. Clark). This will be a valuable contribution, when completed, to the recent critical commentaries with which the Theological Library has made its subscribers acquainted. We see many things which remind us of the broad and enlightened views of Sir Edward Strackey, in dealing with the subject, although we see no reference to Sir Edward's interesting volume; it promises to bring out in the same spirit, but in a more detailed manner, the prophetic, historic character of this illustrious prophecy; perhaps of Dr. Delitzsch's Commentaries this will be the most important and interesting.

THE Library of Puritan Commentaries gives to us *An Exposition, with Notes Unfolded and Applied, on John xvii. Delivered in Sermons, preached Weekly, on the Lord's day, to the Congregation in Gauntton Magdalene*. By George Newton (James Nisbet, and Co.). The very interesting words memorialising the venerable and persecuted George Newton, in Mr. Stanford's beautiful life of Joseph Alleyne, will give an interest and acceptance to this volume, in which, somewhat after the diffuse manner of the Puritans, he discourses upon one of the most precious portions of the Gospel consolations.

IN a remarkably new and praiseworthy manner the author sets before us *The Private Letters of St. Paul and St. John*. By Rev. Samuel Cox (Arthur Miall). This is a beautiful morsel of criticism, delivered, we are told in the modest prefatory note, "as week evening lectures in the ordinary course of my ministry." The author must have a choice congregation to bear such things as these as week evening lectures, introduced and looked for as matters of course; they are characterised by depth, breadth, and height of view, by

patience, and yet by freedom ; careful scholarship, and varied reading. If the author takes some larger portions of the Word of God, and deals with them in this vein, he will do something great, and we shall not have to regret that the ministers of the Church of England do all our Biblical criticism for us. Although he says these pieces were delivered to congregations, they are but very slightly homiletical, there is the fascination of a pre-Raphaelite picture about the manner in which he attempts to work out his conception of the personalities and circumstances of the apostolic correspondence, and the almost neglected epistles become as beautiful as some deep shady grove suddenly irradiated, through the dark boughs, by a rich beam of golden sunlight. We congratulate the author heartily on the success of his first critical effort, and respectfully bid him take time and go on.

PRETTY little volumes are *The Will-o'-the-Wisps are in Town ; and other New Tales*, by Hans Christian Andersen (Alexander Strahan) and *Dealings with the Fairies*, by George Macdonald (Alexander Strahan). Hans Andersen is always welcome, and always delightful, but in this volume not equal to most of his rememberable little tales, though the "Silver Coin," and the "Windmill," seem to be all himself too ; but the *Dealings with the Fairies* contains some of Mr. Macdonald's happiest, brightest, fancies. The *Golden Key* is a most strengthening and touching piece in the old fantastic vein, the mystical and weird dealing with the place where the end of the rainbow stands, and the land the shadows come from, with forest, and trees, and water, and those singular people, the old man of the Sea, the old man of the Earth, and the old man of the Fire, a wonderful little piece altogether, which if the reader has the right stuff of fairy blood in him, will make the heart ache, and the eyes to lighten with tears, and brighten with hopes ; the author fulfils the promise of his titlepage, which says, "There is more meant than meets the eye."

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